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FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

—R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of
Stanford Writing*, 1931

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SONGS FROM THE CITY.

BY
DUGALD MACFADYEN.



LONDON:
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DEDICATED
AS A
TOKEN OF AFFECTION AND ADMIRATION
TO THE MEMORY OF
DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

TO THEE, O BARD, I DEDICATE THESE LAYS,
WEAK AND UNWORTHY THOUGH THE TRIBUTE BE,
I OFFER IT IN MEMORY OF THEE
WHO FIRST MY BOYHOOD'S FANCY SET'ST ABLAZE
WITH PURE IDEAS NONE BUT THOU COULDST RAISE—
WHO STIRRED'ST MY SOUL TO PREGNANT POESY ;
THOUGH WEAK MY FAULTY NUMBERS, YET FROM THEE,
THOU MASTER BARD, FOUND THEY THEIR MEED OF PRAISE.
A PREACHER THOU OF PURE, UNSELFISH LOVE,
A NOBLE HATER OF ALL FRAUD AND WRONG,
WHAT JOY WITH THEE TO FLEE LIFE'S CARES ABOVE,
BORNE ON THE BREEZY PINIONS OF THY SONG !
AND HUMBLY I, FOR SONG-WREATHS *thou* DIDST TWINE,
PRESENT THESE SWIFT-DECAYING FLOWERS OF MINE.

P R E F A C E.

IN submitting this volume to the tribunal of public opinion, I am afraid I cannot claim for it the leniency usually granted to first efforts, as several of the pieces incorporated in the work have already appeared within the confines of cloth boards in "Lays and Legends of the North of Ireland," 1884, now almost, if not quite, out of print. The present collection is much more representative; and, whilst I am conscious of its defects (some inherent, and others that might have been remedied had I the necessary leisure), I may say that under existing circumstances I have done my best, and should it meet with as much favour as was accorded my former venture, I shall be satisfied.

With regard to the matter of arrangement throughout the book, I have followed the order of disorder for sake of variety, reserving the classification for the Index, in which in two or three cases the same poems are classed under two different headings for the convenience of the reader.

Should the perusal of these verses prove as true a source of pleasure to my readers as the writing of them has been to me, in the brief moments of leisure in a busy city life, I shall be amply rewarded.

D. M'F.

SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1887.

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SONGS FROM THE CITY.

EPICEDIUM

TO THE MEMORY OF DENIS FLORENCE
MACCARTHY.

“One of the sweetest singers and one of the purest and holiest beings that ever adorned our country.”—*Lord O'Hagan.*

IN world of gloom, in rayless, misty regions
My struggling spirit dwelt,
And spectral Doubts in heart-benumbing legions
Round Hope's last embers knelt.

And there within that land of songless sorrow
Ne'er pierced life-giving sun,
But each succeeding dreary waste of morrow
The monotone begun.

And oft, like captive yearning in his prison,
Whose free-winged *thoughts* may stray,
I pictured skies where radiant suns had risen
And birds sang sweet in May.

And these, contrasted with my drear existence,
 Made joy sublimely far—
 A diamond shining in a boundless distance,
 As man from furthest star.

And so I mourned, with grief my bosom swelling,
 Till on mine aching ear,
 Like warbling bird, the weary patient telling
 Of summer drawing near,

Came music, sweet as seraphim's of Heaven,
 That thrilled my soul with bliss ;
 O blessed bard ! thine is a gift God-given—
 Life holds no joy like this !

As one from out a hideous dream awaking
 To woodland notes at morn,
 So, my freed spirit woke from care, partaking
 Of gladness newly born.

O blessed bard ! thine is a power God-given,
 More potent far than king's ;
 In purest verse thou raisest hearts to heaven,
 Afar from sordid things !

And with thine eyes I saw earth's grace and beauty
 As I had ne'er before ;
 And saw through thee the upland path of duty
 To God and land we bore.

Sweet love came to the happy heart, adorning
 With purest thought its nest,
 Like glistening dewdrop in the sunny morning
 On rosebud's blushing breast.

And Earth, that had erewhile been bleak and cheerless,
 Now teemed with blessings rare ;
 My happy heart proclaimed in accents fearless
 Glad summer everywhere.

The doubts and cares that haunted me, of them none
 Withstood new life's glad rays,
 Thy soul became my sun, my heart thy Memnon,
 That sang, O bard! thy praise.

And as when first upon my mental vision
 Thou dawned'st in glorious rhyme,
 With blissful dreams of gorgeous scenes Elysian,
 In Brendan's* golden clime,

Or thrilled me with the purity supernal
 Of thy soul's yearning lay,
 That breathes its longings for the joys Eternal
 In "Waiting for the May,"

(Glad May! Sweet May! May of the poets only!
They only understand,
 That came to *thee*, and left us sick and lonely—
 A shadow o'er the land)

My heart was tuned in melody to sing thee,
 As Memnon to the sun,
 With aching heart this strain to Heaven I wing thee,
 Now thy bright course is run!

Farewell MacCarthy! dearest child of Erin,
 Bard of my soul, farewell!
 Well was the crown immortal won you wear in
 Where God's true poets dwell!

* See "The Voyage of St Brendan."

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

(Founded on an incident in the author's youth.)

I STRAYED in the calm of the evening,
 'Neath the shade of the arching trees,
 And I thought of my coming journey
 O'er the kindred-severing seas,
 When the birds had ceased their hymning,
 And the still winds slept on air,
 And a weird and lonely silence
 Stole round me everywhere.

And ling'ring in the evening,
 'Neath the tall trees' darkening gloom,
 The green leaves lost their colour,
 And the flowers their sweet perfume ;
 The grass grew black beneath me,
 And the air was dark above,
 And darkness shrouded my longings
 Of country, hope, and love.

I watched with a drear foreboding
 The dark trees' deepening shade,
 As their giant limbs seemed stretching
 Out imploringly for aid,
 Like swarthy, spell-bound monsters,
 Who prayed they might be free,
 But rooted to the earth must wait
 The dread eternity.

And I thought with a bitter feeling,
 "It is so with our heart's wild prayer ;
 We stretch out our arms in our blindness,
 And we clasp but the viewless air :
 The joys that allure us vanish—
We call and we seek in vain ;

The light of the love we cherish
Will leave us in night and pain !"

Then the stillness of night grew deeper,
And I well nigh heard my thought—
(Sound seemed to be dead for ever,
Or a thing remembered not),
When there broke on the awful silence
A croon for departed joy,
Like the wail of the Banshee singing,
In mournful notes—"Poor boy !"

And thrice on the evening's stillness
The same sad wailing broke,
And thrice in my ears, condoling,
The same weird spirit spoke ;
O veil of sin and of sorrow
That holdeth two worlds apart !
O voice of a viewless essence—
Oh, tell me *who* thou art !

No creature thou of the fancy,
No phantom thou of the mind,
Nor voice of owl, nor of song-bird,
Nor sound of moaning wind ;
What our mortal minds may not grasp at,
Nor may be defined by man,
But a creature thou with a mission,
After God's almighty plan.

No sprite of hell nor of heaven,
Nor thing of flesh nor of earth,
Nor ghoul, nor witch, nor demon,
Nor ghost of one of birth ;
But a spirit, though void of substance,
To this world-life more akin
Than *the angels* glad in their glory,
Or *the demons* dark in their sin.

O mystery vast of the ages,
The haze of time still hides,
We struggle through life unconscious
Of the comrades at our sides!
They are with us for good or evil—
They see what we cannot see—
For their vision indeed is clearer
Than our fleshly orbs may be.

.

I felt on the air a freshness
As the spirit's crooning ceased,
And my soul from its gloomy bondage
Arose erect, released,
For I knew in Life's darkest forest
Comes Day in his robes of light,
To pierce with his golden lances
The faltering ranks of Night.

As the heavens appear more distant
In the blue of the brightest day,
So we seem all the more forgetful
Treading Pleasure's rosy way ;
But when Night shroudeth all in mourning,
And we feel the chastening rod,
'Neath the dark thunderclouds of sorrow
Draw we nearer unto our God.

My soul from these thoughts took lesson,
And, conquering swarthy Fear,
I felt in my greatest trials
A Saviour of mercy near ;
'Tis noble from dust of defeat, to
The laurels of triumph to rise,
And happier he than the angels
Who gains the Eternal prize !

L O V E ' S I D E A L .

(HIDDEN ACROSTIC).

OH, sweet the surprise of the morn's blue eyes
 O'er a dreary night of rain,
 And balmy the rest to the weary breast
 When repose has conquered pain ;
 And glad to the eye 'twixt the sea and sky
 Is the first wild gleam of sail
 To the wrecked on the raft or the storm-tossed craft,
 When Life's last hope is pale !
 But sweeter than sleep to the eyes that weep,
 Or dawn with its orbs of blue
 To the watcher of night, or the thrilling sight
 Of sail to the shipwrecked crew,
 Was the dawn of surprise, and the joy to my eyes,
 That flooded my soul with you !

Belovèd, for long, with a tremulous song
 'Neath mad mirth's mocking disguise,
 My soul sought you out through a long night of
 doubt,
 And sighed for the light of your eyes,
 To guide to the Real of life's sweet ideal,
 (Ah, Love! thou wert long, long dumb!)
 At last "She is nigh!" was my heart's glad cry—
 "The love that I seek is come!"
 Oh, sweet was the thrill, like a burning rill
 Rushing, surging my wild veins through,
 As I felt your heart read what the lips *might* have
 said—
 "My life's star it hath dawned to my view ;
 If joy be given to man beneath heaven,
 My treasure must dwell in you."

MARY CUNNINGHAM.

PRAY list awhile unto the bard,
 Who barely *compos mentis* is ;
 Who shares the fate of all ill-starred
 Erato's "mixed" apprentices.
 I freely own my rhymes are rude—
 Addicted I to punning am—
 But ne'er had bard a theme so good
 As charming Mary Cunningham,
 Bonnie Mary Cunningham,
 Sprightly Mary Cunningham.
 The poet's dream ne'er wove a theme
 Like lovely Mary Cunningham.

I see her in the twinkling dance,
 As through the maze she's skipping it ;
 I feel the arrows of her glance,
 As down the street she's tripping it ;
 I see her in the house of pray'r,
 When folly's snares I shunning am ;
 The text of every sermon there
 Is "Bonnie Mary Cunningham,
 Pretty Mary Cunningham,
 Pious Mary Cunningham."
 My hymns are hers, and all my prayers
 Are mixed with Mary Cunningham.

The baffled artist views her face
 Of beauty's mocking witchery,
 And notes her form's entrancing grace—
 Her eye that beams with such a ray !
 He gazes with enraptured eye,
 Whilst creditors are dunning him,
 But feels 'tis all in vain to try
 To picture Mary Cunningham,

Bright-eyed Mary Cunningham,
Comely Mary Cunningham.
No artist's brush could paint the blush
Of rosy Mary Cunningham.

The poet wanders to the fields
And feasts his all-enchanted eye
On secret beauties Nature yields
Unto his kind, and granted I
Am he I sing, I list the birds
That carol whilst they're sunning 'em ;
I note their notes, I know their words
Are " Bonnie Mary Cunningham,
Happy Mary Cunningham,
Merry Mary Cunningham."
The thrushes sing and woodlands ring
With " Bonnie Mary Cunningham."

There lives a bard in Isle of Wight—
An ancient poet, for he eight
And forty years ago did write
And rhyme until made Laureate.
Now flesh is grass, and, when he's hay,
He leaves the leaves I winning am,
So, when I don the laurel may,
I hope for Mary Cunningham,
Queenly Mary Cunningham,
Saucy Mary Cunningham.
Could you but guess your loveliness,
You'd die of pride, Miss Cunningham.

THE BALLAD OF RAGBAG.

'Twas old Ragbag of Teheran,
 His camel lost a shoe
 As he travelled the Sahara
 One cold winter morning through.
 "Twerc bootless," said he, "looking
 For either vet. or smith,
 So I'll bind it with Egyptian bonds
 And tie it with a withe."

So with Egyptian bonds he bound
 The camel's shoeless foot,
 And with an up and Bedouin song
 Cheered on the weary brute.
 But he hadn't travelled far until
 He saw a moving sight—
 'Twas a troop of Arab horsemen
 Fast advancing on his right.

He had met with city Arabs,
 But he didn't like their hue,
 Their language and their manners
 Showed no Sunday school they knew.
 Their limbs had much of freedom
 If they hadn't much of dress,
 For where there's most of one thing,
 Of some other thing there's less.

But the Arab with his courser
 Was a coarser type to meet.
 Rag. didn't like his taking ways,
 They weren't very sweet.
 "Ah!" said he, "you vile marauders,
 If the law its right asserts,
 If you don't desert the deserts,
 You will meet with your deserts."

'Twas the Arab Taik-al-U-Khan,
 Seized upon his bridle first,
 And then asked him quite politely,
 For the gold with care he nursed.
 "For," said he, "I am a prophet,
 And your wealth, as I presage,
 Thou wilt give us and then journey
 On to Mecca pilgrimage."

"No prophet art thou, but a loss,
 A heavy loss to me ;
 Wert thou alone we'd try a toss
 Ere gold I gave to thee.
 But take my wealth," said Ragbag,
 "Since 'tis Allah's fixed decree.
 Prophet, knowest thou where to find it?
 Ha ! art thou mad, eh?" said he.

Searched the Arab Taik-al-U-Khan,
 Searched the Arabs, all in vain,
 Nor gold, nor cups, nor jewels
 Were in Ragbag's humble train,
 Nor spices, shawls, nor carpets,
 Arms, nor costly work, nor wares
 Found the disappointed Arabs,
 Whilst deep downwards sank their prayers.

"Sinners," cried the ancient Ragbag,
 As at length they seized his prize,
 And they smashed the casket open
 There before his anxious eyes,
 "Ye are summing up the measure
 Of your folly in these acts,
 But behold at last my treasure !"
 And he handed them some tracts.

Then old Ragbag preached a sermon
Much upon the Christian plan,

But the Arabs fled like vermin,
 Little caring where they ran,
 For his sermon paralyzed them,
 Like frail skiffs on ocean's foam,
 And his tracts had so surprised them
 That they all made tracks for home.

Then old Ragbag of Teheran
 Did smile a wicked smile,
 And, lifting out more papers,
 Gazed upon a goodly pile
 In gold and notes and silver,
 In bonds and jewels rare,
 "Ha!" said he, "the rogues believed not
 My treasures all lay there!"



RHYME FOR MONTH.

A LISPING Yankee, once upon a time,
 When boasting his accomplishments in rhyme,
 Was asked if he e'er made a rhyme for "month."
 "Wal," drawled the Yank, "I rather gueth I oneth."



ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

ALL may be disappointed once,
 The trustful be deceived again;
 'Tis but the fool and only he
 Who twice renews his pain.

THE POET'S PORTION.

SOME suitors may boast of their wealth and the rest
of it,

Woo thee with infinite acres of land ;
Such arguments, truly, have often the best of it—
Love often bows unto Mammon's command ;
But I, needy wooer, with love-fed temerity,
Come to thee wooing without Plutus' chimes,
I'm poor as a poet, and can of a verity
Offer thee naught but my love and my rhymes.

My heart, dearest maiden, I freely would proffer thee—
That independent elector being mine ;
But, ah ! what a mock'ry 'twould be thus to offer thee
What's irretrievably, hopelessly thine.
Don't thank me for that which I cannot detain from
thee—

Selfish is love in all ages and climes,
For—candid confession—I mean to obtain from thee
Love and approval, for love and my rhymes.

Those rhymes which so often seemed lacking in
dignity—

Laughing in language familiarly free,
And rendered insane thro' the fiendish malignity
Shown in comp., reader, and mystical "we ;"
Who revel in teasing the nursling of Poesy,
Plaguing with "errors" (intended by times),
Who care not a cough for his fine feelings, so as he
Seems to be mad in his love and his rhymes.

Though seemingly strange to the wise and the
worldly,

That which was ne'er mine I'd scorn for thy hand—
If all the wealth ever at Pleasure's head hurled, lay
Piled in a pyramid at my command

To do as I pleased with, if I would depart from thee,
Wedding myself to my dollars and dimes,
I could not, I would not, for all steal my heart from
thee—

Faithful I'll be in my love and my rhymes.

I sigh when I think no rich nabob of India
Owns me as nephew, and calls me his heir ;
E'en Hope has more conscience than whisper that one
day a

Fortune will luckily fall to my share.

(To gain in life's struggle one needs have some nerve
in it—

To elbow and tread down the weak are no crimes,
'Tis only the confident strong are deserving it—

Knowing no weakness for love or for rhymes.)

But seek not for gold, 'tis a merciless mockery—

Loveless, we're poor with a thousand a-year,
And hearts are as readily broken as crockery,

But not half so easily mended, my dear.

Have me, and I'll guard thee and tend thee caress-
ingly—

Juice of the grape I'll exchange for the lime's—
Cut pipes—and should poetry plague thee distress-
ingly,

Bid a farewell for my love to my rhymes.



FATE, LIFE, AND LOVE.

FATE rules us,
Life schools us,
Love fools us.

THE MAID WITH THE ELOQUENT EYES.

I'M weary of playing the lover,
 I'm sick of the flirting and ball ;
 I've sought, but I cannot discover,
 A freshness to charm in them all.
 Back far from the music and dancing
 My longing heart eagerly flies,
 To the first love—the fair and entrancing—
 The maid with the eloquent eyes.

She dawned o'er my path ere the strong light
 Of manhood had ripened my heart,
 Yet streamed o'er youth's highway a long light
 Of glory that ne'er shall depart.
 Like a child with its blisses Elysian,
 I knew not to value my prize ;
 Unheeded she passed from my vision,
 The maid with the eloquent eyes.

Life's treasures, uncertain and fickle,
 We lose when we fail to protect ;
 More love than by Death's ghastly sickle
 Is slain by our bitter neglect.
 Like a flow'ret with sweet fragrance laden,
 That lingers untended, then dies,
 Was the love of the pure-hearted maiden—
 The maid with the eloquent eyes.

I know not how time may have altered,
 Fair maiden, thy graces of old,
 Or if thou hast blushinglly faltered
 Thy "Yes" to a lover more bold ;
 But unchanged to my heart thou appearest,
 Oh, break not love's charming disguise !
 Be thou still to me purest and dearest,
Sweet maid with the eloquent eyes.

TWO PICTURES.

I.

THE evening rays flood half the student's room
 Where stands a maiden, most divinely fair,
 With golden tresses gleaming in the sun,
 Whilst near her in the other part in gloom
 The student sits, a slave to letters there,
 Whose learning Care's companionship hath won.

So beautiful she seems, with eager pen
 I strive to catch the unintentioned grace
 That conscious love bestows upon her now ;
 And o'er her cheek in blushes now and then
 Red-mantled Love mounts queenly neck and face,
 Like dawning sun upon the mountain's brow.

Her eye's soft brightness Love has heightened more ;
 She looks upon him with impassioned gaze,
 As if her soul peered through those orbs of light.
 Behind his chair she stands, and, bending o'er
 Him, fondly two soft, lily hands she lays
 Upon his shoulders lovingly to-night.

He sits, and but in seeming reads a book—
 He sees the same words o'er and o'er again—
 He feels her eyes are searching through his heart ;
 And o'er his features flits a troubled look,
 As one it pains to cause another pain,
 Yet acts the wisest and the noblest part.

Oh, Love that pleadest from her hazel eyes !
 That stirrest molten fire throughout her veins !
 Where is thy power with beauty thus allied ?
 Low-toned he speaks, with troubled, slow replies,
 As if a secret passion he restrains,
 Which conquering Will hath answered, " Be denied !"

And though thick utterance mars his broken speech,
 No tone responsive thrills her listening ear
 To bid her hope, and still in silence wait.
 "Some day," she says, "the world may coldly teach
 The worth of love your strength denies you here,
 When *you* stand pleading at the outer gate!"

II.

The poet in the solitude of night ;
 Above, in lonely majesty, the moon
 Sails like a haughty beauty queen o'er all.
 But, oh ! the chilling glances of her light,
 As if the ghost of some dead summer's noon,
 Regretful, strove its grandeur to recall.

He walks alone ; in balmy space of sleep
 The world lies shackled with a rosy chain ;
 But if the stormy surging of the heart
Could calm awhile, his throbbing thoughts would keep
 Their aching lights still burning in his brain,
 For vain regret hath bade sweet rest depart.

Three years have passed—and what their story now ?
 The maid a bride—a mother—then no more !
 Her soul Heaven took to give the world a man.
 Ah ! poet of the pale and pulsing brow,
 She had been thine had not thy mocking lore
 Denied the prize, recall no mortal can.

He seeks no sympathy, no love, and yet
 His heart craves for its counterpart denied,
 But wears its mourning from the idle gaze.
 His wit is brilliant, but his pillow wet
 At night with sorrow's passionate high tide,
That scorns the mock'ry of the careless days.

God grant him peace! and may some other fair
 Beam like a sunburst on his cheerless path,
 Dispelling dead love's nightshades from his soul,
 And raising in a purer, brighter air
 The buds of sweet affection; then he hath
 Gained firmer manhood 'neath their sweet control.



CONQUEROR.

AND art thou come, O truant love of mine,
 The same old smile upon thy lips again,
 Expecting welcome? Nay, will I resign,
 At thy fair whim, my freedom and my pain?

No, no! I shall not. I have struggled hard,
 And weighed thy love in scales of love and doubt;
 And now the heart thou once could so discard—
 Now wish to win—hath learned to do without.

Like the wild bee, from buttercup to rose
 That skipping sips, nor constant is to one,
 Thou wooed'st and fled'st; now, my heart's petals close
 'Gainst thee for aye, with love's expiring sun.

Go, seek the love that lured thee from my side,
 For love when true can never learn to stray;
 I thank thee for the hope thou once denied,
 That I can thus be conqueror to-day.

And now, farewell! my road lies not with thine,
 I wish thee joy, though we may ne'er again
 Meet thus. Farewell! for I will not resign,
 At thy fair whim, my freedom and my pain!

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

AN IDEAL.

COME, magical sleep, and seal mine eyes,
 That I may dream again
 Of my life-love's queen, and the glad surprise
 Mine orbs may seek in vain.
 For my lonely soul hath sought a mate
 This world hath never seen,
 For a loveless gloom from the web of Fate
 Is woven and placed between.

Oh, mystical maid, thy love-lit eyes
 Have soothed my heart's unrest,
 And cheered my labours and checked my sighs
 When churlish cares oppressed.
 My life, my love, my work, my aims
 Are thine, and all for thee ;
 And sweeter to me thy voice than Fame's,
 As it speaketh within to me.

Full oft have we met in the world of Night,
 When earth seemed far away,
 And thine eyes were filled with a pure delight
 That thrilled my heart away.
 Our souls rushed forth in a glad commune,
 And fused in love as one ;
 Oh, Dreamland, sweet, is a summer's noon
 In a day that is never done !

If ever I knew a purer thought,
 I felt thy presence there ;
 If ever a nobler deed was wrought,
 Thyself hast borne thy share.
 And when I have drawn from self the screen
Hypocrisy had made,

And scorned the gains of the base and mean,
I felt thy prompting aid.

Come, mystical sleep and kiss mine eyes,
That I may dream again
Of a region of love beyond the skies
That knoweth nor care nor pain.
Then my lonely soul may find its mate,
With a gleam of the future bliss,
In the guardian sprite of my chequered fate,
In a holier sphere than this.



TESTING A LOVER.

“L'AMANT A L'EPREUVE.”

(*From the French of Pons, de Verdun.*)

“YES, darling, for your sake I'd freely
Danger dare, face boldly death!”
“Come, that's too strong, you take my breath!
Now, D'Ermant, you don't mean it really?”
“Say, shall I swear?” “That's very well,
But just our usual style in wooing,
Your oath is but an empty shell,
You're always swearing—never doing.”
“Come, test my love, no matter how;
Choose time and place, and name conditions,
I pray thee, love!” “Come, D'Ermant, now
I yield at last to your petitions.
You mount the bridge, like lover true,
And throw yourself into the river.”
“Now, do you mean it?” “Yes, I do.”
“You wish it?” “Really.” “Well, I never!
And you will crown my love with bliss
For diving where Sol's last rays shimmer?”
“I promise you!” “Ah, really, Miss,
I'm sorry—but I'm not a swimmer!”

*WILLIE'S WARNING.**

" OH mother! I heard the Cuckoo to-day,
 And I knew that the summer was come,
 And I thought I should shout out a glad 'hurrah,'
 But, somehow, my lips were dumb.

" And, oh! what a feeling came over me!—
 Oh, mother, I wished you were near!
 So lonely I felt in the bright green fields
 That I heard my heart beat with fear.

" And such a strange fear, ma, you couldn't guess;
 The thoughts of it even I dread;
 Just as if the whole world had left me there,
 Or, maybe, as if I were dead.

" For the song the Cuckoo sang, so far away,
 Seemed as if it came out of the sky;
 And I thought to myself what you'd do, mother,
 Supposing your Willie should die.

" For I thought that it spoke all to me, mother,
 And it wanted me far away,
 To live up with God in the sky, mother,
 So I prayed as you taught me to pray.

" And then my fear left, and I felt so glad—
 But, mother! dear mother!—don't cry!
 For couldn't I watch you and pray for you
 If I lived up with God in the sky?"

* Founded on an old Celtic superstition that wherever a person is looking when he hears the Cuckoo for the first time in the season there will he be by the same time in the following year, or whatever he is engaged at may be accepted as a prophetic shadowing of some important event to take place within the same circle of time.

“ Oh, Willie, what notions get into your head !
 How could you, child, think such a thing ;
 But what were you doing, or where did you look,
 When you first heard the Cuckoo sing ? ”

“ I sat on the grass all alone, mother,
 Just beside the wee bush at the mound,
 And with Johnnie's wee spade in my hands, mother,
 I was digging a hole in the ground.

“ And I thought, as I dug, what you used to say—
 How God takes the good, when they're dead,
 From the darkness and gloom of the grave, mother,
 To the brightness of heaven instead.

“ Then I thought how I'd like to be one of those
 Who are good and love God so well ;
 Then he'd give *me* a crown when I'd die, mother—
 Sure he would, now, mamma—can't you tell ? ”

The mother spoke not, but her cheeks grew pale—
 Her fond heart was wrecked in a sigh—
 For she knew ere the Spring should revisit the earth
 Her Willie, her darling ! would die.

.

The summer is nigh, by the hedge's green,
 By the glow of increasing day ;
 And Nature pours thanks from the bee's low hum
 To the lark's soul-awakening lay.

The summer is nigh, by the flower-gemmed lea,
 By the fresh grass, green and long ;
 By the balmy winds from the genial south—
Nay more, by the Cuckoo's song !

But a childless mother stands at her door,
 And she hears its first clear cry—
 She casts her eyes down to the dewy earth
 And then up to the mild blue sky.

She thinks of her darling little son,
 And she dashes away a tear,
 For she knows that an angel pleads her cause
 In a purer and brighter sphere.



A MOORE-ISH BALLAD.

Inscribed to the SECOND author of some well-known lines.

MARSHALL, I believed thee true,
 But now, I'm blest, you're so deceiving,
 You'd try to pass old rhymes for new
 Had I not known that you were thieving.

Few have ever rhymed for me,
 But what they rhymed, they wrote sincerely,
 And few have ever prigged like thee—
 Have robbed a bard I love so dearly.

Fare-thee-well ! but pray excuse
 The quaint advice with which I bore thee—
 Don't let *another fellow's* muse
 Humbugging come to hover o'er thee !

Fare-thee-well ! I'll think of thee
 With laughter, while my sides are achin' ;
 But send no Mo(o)re love-songs to me,
 My faith in poetry is shaken—
 Fare-thee-well.

CAHIR·ROE (1).

A.D. 1608.

WILD are thy hills, O Donegal ! *
 That towering grandly rise,
 Brow-incensed by the mists that fall,
 An homage from the skies !

In awful stateliness, sublime,
 Unchanged for aye they see
 Each link upon the chain of Time
 Pass to Eternity.

Deep are thy glens, O Donegal !
 And holy is their calm,
 The weary there forget their thrall,
 The fevered find a balm.

So far removed from outer world,
 The stranger pausing here
 Might deem his guardian sprite had whirled
 Him to some purer sphere.

Oh, blessèd is thy rock, O Doune ! †
 Thrice blessèd is thy well (2),
 Where oft St Columb's vesper-croon
 Was heard as night's shades fell.

Blest, sacred is thy holy well,
 With power that still endures—
 The many crutches mutely tell
 Its miracles—its cures.

Upon thy rock in days of eld
 O'Donnell's chiefs were crowned,

* *Dun-na-ngall*—the fortress of the strangers. † *Dun*, a fort.

Ere yet thy stunted shrubs beheld
The Saxon gaze around.

But o'er thy brow a cloud hath lain
That ever must abide,
Since haughty Cahir Roe was slain
Upon thy heath-clad side.

True are thy hearts, O Donegal !
To love abide, or dare,
And still the mem'ry of his fall
Is green for ever there.

Tall are thy sons, O Donegal !
Swift-limbed and hardy, strong,
But Cahir Roe was passing tall *
Thy choicest sons among.

Strong, strong of sinew, straight of limb,
His country's pride to see ;
In feats of strength none equalled him—
First in each sport was he.

And yet none lighter led the dance
When Peace spread o'er each glen,
The pride of Spain, the grace of France,
Were his unto all men.

A fearless eye of searching blue,
That spoke to friend or foe,
That pierced the vain dissembler through,
Or dimmed at others' woe.

His sunlit hair in ringlets wild
Fell o'er his shoulders free,

* In the ruins of O'Dougherty's castle at Buncrana, a stone may yet be seen projecting from the wall, said to mark the height of Cahir Roe. It is fully seven feet from the ground.

And ruddy cheeks as of a child
And sunny heart had he.

As thunder-clouds o'er summer sun
Obscure its genial ray,
And lightnings flash and thunders crash
In July's warmest day :

So throbbed his breast with passions great
O'er fair Ultonia's wrong,*
As warm his love, so fierce his hate,
Wild, merciless, and strong.

For o'er the ocean's throbbing breast
The Irish chiefs had flown (3),
To seek in foreign climes that rest
Denied them in their own.

Curst be the tongues that bade them fly
When false accusers rose !
Far better had they faced the lie
And crushed it in their foes !

Unhappy princes ! hard thy lot,
Thy sighs must rise in vain,
Since faith and freedom needs be bought
By exile's longing pain.

And all thy forts and fair domains
Are by the strangers shared ;
Thy churches sacked, thy friends in chains,
Thy faith a crime declared. †

For stern and bold the troopers come
To hold the clans in thrall,

* The confiscation of Ulster.

† On the flight of the earls, several of their friends, and other Irish nobles, were committed to prison for the alleged conspiracy. The *penal laws* pressed very rigorously, and were increased in severity.

And he whose sword hath made him lord
Hath power in Donegal

To treat the Celt as but a slave,
And rob him of the soil ;
If leave to till the ground he gave,
For *him* was all the toil.

'Twas thus when Cahir of the North
To Derry did repair,
With lesser chiefs and men of worth,
To state their grievance there.

What man bereft of every right—
Wealth, freedom, power—of all,
Will not the tyrant robber smite,
Or—daring failure—fall ?

If such a slave on earth be found
Let *cowards* homage pay !
Be he their monarch fitly crowned
As lowlier far than they !

What man may stand a coward's blow,
And meekly suffer all ?
Paulett insulted Cahir Roe,
But sudden was his fall.

A day has passed, but Day brings Night,
And Night red vengeance brings ;
The City guards are slain in fight,
The town with tumult rings.

O'Dougherty and Paulett meet,
In vain the Saxon tries
His skill in fence—at Cahir's feet
A *gory* corse he lies.

On Derry's* forts and walls there stands
 The sunburst, green and gold :
 O'Dougherty the Foyle commands,
 Culmore† his clansmen hold.

Six fevered months of vengeful strife
 And weary warfare passed,
 Now brooding o'er his captured wife (4),
 Sir Cahir stands at last

With shattered band on rock of Dounc :
 His thoughts are far away—
 He heeds not how the gay larks tune
 At heaven's bright gates their lay.

He thinks of battles fought and won,
 Of hopes that *once* ran high ;
 And now, outnumbered and undone,
 There but remained to die.

To die !—ay, Death were fame indeed,
 If freedom Death could buy ;
 To know his country were but freed,
 Then proudly would he die !

Where now his force ? A scattered flock,
 Dispersed, betrayed, or dead :
 With trusty few he holds the rock—
 A price upon his head.

“O, God, it was not thus I thought
 To serve my country's need,
 When from the Sassenach and Scot
 I swore she would be freed !

* *Doire*, an oak-wood.

† *Cuil-more*, the large point, or angle.

“But by Thy sacred name I swear
In her proud cause to die!”——
A vengeful bullet cleft the air,
His stricken followers fly.

And there, upon Doune's heath-clad side,
Whilst all his warriors fled,
Oozed out the chieftain's gory tide——
Sir Cahir Roe lay dead.

.

Grand are thy hills, O Innishowen !
Strong is thy torrents' flow !
But Freedom's glory fled thy throne
With dauntless Cahir Roe.



SCOTCH SNUFF.

(A PINCH FOR SIDNEY SMITH.)

THOSE wits who say the Scotch are dense
Heard not the Scotchman's hit——
“I'd faur prefer a *grain* o' sense
Afore a *pun*' o' wit!”



EPITAPH ON A CHIMNEY SWEEP.

HERE lies John Black, an honest sweep,
Wham Death has ta'en to his lang sleep ;
An eident chiel, 'tis said o' him nae
Man e'er cleaner swept a chimney.

MOR, A RUIN.

OH, great is the power of the Kaiser or Khan,
 And subtle the influence money may buy,
Mor, a ruin !
 And greater the sway of the poet o'er man ;
 But what to the spell of thy witching bright eye,
Mor, a ruin ?
 A talisman's charm hath thy witching bright eye,
A ruin !

The sea hath its wealth and its pearls untold
 Secure from the rover who saileth above,
Mor, a ruin !
 Deep buried, earth hideth her treasures and gold ;
 But what is their worth to the wealth of thy love,
Mor, a ruin ?
 The sun of my heart is the wealth of thy love,
A ruin !

The king in the crown findeth many a thorn,
 The merchant's gold bringeth him worry and care,
Mor, a ruin !
 The poet hath sorrows to none other-born ;
 But happy am I if thy love I may share,
Mor, a ruin !—
 A place in thy heart where young Love nestles there,
A ruin !

TOO LATE!

The bridal note is tied for aye,
 The falt'ring words are said ;
 And thou, who once wert mine, to-day
 Art to another wed.
 I may not mourn at Fate's decree,
 Nor claim a broken vow,
 Nor breathe a word of blame to thee,
 For thou art happy now,
My love !
 For thou art happy now.

I do not crave to be forgot,
 Nor yet remembered well,
 But when thou wilt, may holy thought
 Within thy mem'ry dwell.
 Whilst I, unpitied clown of fate,
 Must bend the will, and bow
 To know I prized thy love too late ;
 But thou art happy now,
My love !
 But thou art happy now.

I bless thee as another's wife,
 Whose love and care are thine,
 And may thy peaceful future life
 Be happier than mine.
 And may'st thou never know a care
 To cloud thy shining brow,
 But all thy days be calm and fair
 As thou art happy now,
My love !
 As thou art happy now.

I'VE SUCH AN IRONICAL WAY.

COME, lend me your ears and your pity,
 And listen how sadly I'm dished,
 Mis(s)fortune created me witty—
 I couldn't be grave if I wished.
 My humour was given to grieve me,
 For, speak on what subject I may,
 My friends one and all misconceive me,
 I've such an ironical way.

'Tis not I am fancied designing,
 'Tis not I'm addicted to pun,
 'Tis not I've a trick of combining
 Two meanings where dunces see one.
 They know I'm as true as a dial,
 Though ofttimes my style leads astray ;
 For in truth (I will make no denial)
 I've such an ironical way.

I feel I could nigh strangle some one,
 When, making a sober remark,
 The ass laughs, " Ha, ha ! you're a rum one—
 You *must* have your quiet bit lark !"
 And then 'tis extremely provoking,
 When bringing true pathos in play,
 The knowing ones fancy I'm joking,
 I've such an ironical way.

I once was a sage influential,
 And gave all my friends good advice ;
 Their secrets I held confidential—
 Their stories were never told twice.
 But now my advice is ne'er courted,
 For I'm so sarcastic, they say,
 With their hopes and their woes I have sported,
I've such an ironical way.

Oh! is it the cowards are fearing
 My keenly satirical style?
 Or is it they wince at my sneering,
 Or shrink at my cynical smile?
 Why fear they a mortal so artless,
 Whose mind is so open and gay?
 Oh, horror! they deem me quite heartless,
 I've such an ironical way.

I courted twelve maids in succession,
 And squeezed, ah! full many a glove,
 But always would lose self-possession
 When whispering gaily of love;
 For then pretty lips would be pouting,
 And bright eyes, blue, brown, black, or grey,
 Would twinkle 'twixt pleasure and doubting,
 I'd such an ironical way.

One whom I prized more than the laurel,
 For which I have striven in vain,
 I foolishly lost in a quarrel,
 Yet strove for her favour again—
 Saying, "Dearest, I ne'er could deceive you;
 Forgive me, I love you as aye;"
 But she said, "Sir, I cannot believe you,
 You've such an ironical way."

And then I remember another,
 Whose heart I had readily won,
 Had not her confounded old mother
 Said, "Dearest, he's only in fun."
 I told her I'd feathered a fair nest,
 And asked her to mention the day;
 She laughed, "One would think you're in earnest,
 You've such an ironical way."

My life has been one disappointment,
 Or series of "dis's" in one;

And my heart's homeopathic ointment
 Is tincture of iron and pun ;
 For the iron has entered my soul so,
 Through love's blight and friendship's decay,
 And as I'm beneath its control so,
 I've such an ironical way.

THE APPEAL.

Oh, maidens, so gentle and pretty,
 Should mischance ever cause you to make
 Acquaintance with one who is witty,
 Oh, pity his fate for my sake.
 An exile to man's right conception,
 To misunderstanding a prey,
 I'm e'en to myself a deception,
 I've such an ironical way

*LOVE TRAGEDY.*

SHE was skilled in the science of sighs,
 His love vows were ardent but rash,
 The blue of her wonderful eyes
 Was hid 'neath each heavy eye-lash ;
 She blushed with a sudden surprise,
 As he said, " Will I put in the cries ?"
 And she struggled against his moustache.

Her brothers were scions of size,
 They held his love vows were but trash,
 They knew he told wonderful lies,
 So each muttered, " This fellow I'll lash !"
 They rushed with a sudden surprise—
 Two bulldogs re-echo his cries,
 And he from their clutches must dash !

N A N C Y.

LOVE winna let a body be,
 He's fevered a' my fancies ;
 There's witchcraft in my lassie's e'e,
 There's glamour in her glances.
 I fairly own my heart she's stown,
 Wi' love's sweet necromancy ;
 Oh, Love, you pest, gi'e me a rest,
 Or tak' a turn o' Nancy !

Oh, blessin's on my lassie's een,
 My heart louns when they glance sae ;
 They'd dim the diamonds o' the Queen,
 Thae witchin' een o' Nancy.

I carena for your courtly dames,
 Wha sail in silk and satin,
 An' glegly woo their lordly flames
 Wi' ladies'-maids in waitin'.
 Their wiles are fu' o' studied art,
 Their faith at times unchancy ;
 Gi'e me the frank and guileless heart
 O' leal an' lovin' Nancy.

Oh, blessin's on my lassie's heart,
 That does my ain trepan sae ;
 May sorrow never come the airt
 O' sunny-hearted Nancy.

I lauched at Love a thousan' times
 Afore he clipped my feathers ;
 I swore the poets in their rhymes
 Sang *only auld wives' blethers.*

But Nancy cam', the winsome dear,
 An' noo, guidfaith, I maun say
 E'en heaven wad be a desert drear
 If 'twerna blessed wi' Nancy.

Then blessin's on my lassie's face,
 That wit an' worth enhance sae,
 Nae art could show the matchless grace,
 Or paint the charms o' Nancy.

I'm blate an' bashfu' o' mysel',
 Like every new beginner,
 I kenna hoo my love tae tell—
 I ferlie hoo I'll win her.
 But aiblins what my tongue 'll miss
 Her kindly heart 'll fancy.
 Oh, there's nocht sae eloquent's a kiss,
 Sae ane I'll gi'e tae Nancy.

An' suid I win my bonnie dear,
 You'll a' be at the dance, sae
 We'll ha'e a merry fling, I'll sweer,
 The nicht I marry Nancy.



FROM THE FRENCH OF MOLIERE.

I SIGH night and day, and in anguish I pine,
 Since enthralled by your glances in Love's mystic
 chain ;

If thus you treat hearts that throb only for thine,
 Alas, for your foes ! who can picture their pain !

THE MAIDEN'S ANSWER.

“SAY, what wilt thou give to me, maiden fair,
 Since to-morrow I cross the sea ;
 For there’s many an anxious thought and care
 This fond heart must bear for thee ?”
 He smoothed her brown tresses and gazed in her eyes,
 And, oh, but the maiden was fair ;
 Then softly she sighs, as she sweetly replies,
 “ I’ll give thee a lock of my hair,
 Love,
 I’ll give thee a lock of my hair.”

“ Say, what wilt thou give to me, maiden true,
 For the love that I bear to thee,
 Ere our fond lips may utter the sad adieu
 Ere sailing the sullen sea ?”
 He pressed her hand gently and gazed in her eyes,
 And there did the teardrops start,
 Then sadly she sighs as she lowly replies—
 “ What more can I give than my heart,
 Love,
 What more can I give than my heart ?”

“ Say, what wilt thou give to me, maiden mine,
 When, if Fortune should smile on me,
 I flee others’ charms in hope of thine,
 And come back again to thee ?
 Or, still loving truly, I fail in the prize,
 And claim neither riches nor land ?”
 “ If only but true, love,” the maiden replies,
 “ I’ll give thee my heart and my hand,
 Love,
 I’ll give thee my heart and my hand.”



TO MY LOVE

(Whoever, Wherever, and Whenever she may be.)

AN IDLE IDYL.

Had I as many tongues
 As are blades of grass in spring, love,
 In unison they'd join
 Thy loveliness to sing, love.
 Niagara's falls to China's walls
 Would with thy praises ring, love,
 Had I as many tongues
 As are blades of grass in spring.

Had I as many eyes
 As are dewdrops in the morn, dear,
 They could but gaze on thine,
 All other sights they'd scorn, dear ;
 Fresh faults they'd see in all but thee,
 Whom love doth so adorn, dear,
 Had I as many eyes
 As are dewdrops in the morn.

Had I as many pens
 As are quills in Ireland's geese, love,
 In writing songs to thee,
 They quickly would decrease, love ;
 Your postman and my editor
 Would dream no more of peace, love,
 Had I as many pens
 As are quills in Ireland's geese.

Had I as much of wine
 As there's water in the sea, dear,
 I'd drain it to the dregs
 In pledging toasts to thee, dear ;
 And then feel dry, although now I
 Am such a strict T.-T., dear,

Had I as much of wine
As there's water in the sea.

Had I as many sighs
As are breezes on the wind, love,
I'd breathe them at your feet
If e'er you proved unkind, love ;
Your hardened heart would own my smart,
And grieve I e'er repined, love,
Had I as many sighs
As are breezes on the wind.

Had I as many joys
As the human heart could frame, dear,
My greatest bliss would be
When my ring squeez'd out your name, dear ;
Both wit and wealth, with love and health,
Were mine, with smiling fame, dear,
Had I as many joys
As the human heart could frame.

Whilst I've as many hearts
As are kernels in a nut, love,
Sole mistress thou shalt reign,
Without one "if" or "but," love.
Should others dare to enter there,
Against them 'twill be shut, love,
Whilst I've as many hearts
As are kernels in a nut.

But wishes change not fate,
As other men am I, dear ;
And if you starve my love,
The little soul may die, dear.
I'd fain be true through life to you,
But cannot always sigh, dear,
For wishes change not fate,
As other men am I.

THE AIMLESS ONE.

“ LING’RING I stand low at Parnassus’ base,
 With feverish desire all athirst ;
 I scan the weary toilings o’er its space,
 And sigh I learned to climb not at the first.

“ Above me, like a thread of silver, gleams
 The far, far off Castalia, in the sun,
 Brighter than poet’s picturings it seems,
 A true reward for those who’ve toiled and won.

“ I, too, would toil, when tasting Learning’s fruits,
 I would not deem my cares nor labours vain ;
 But that I long to follow more pursuits
 Than in the classic groves of its domain.

“ I hold within my nervous, clutching hands
 The golden grains of still-decreasing Time,
 With miser’s greed I grasp the shifting sands,
 Yet still they slip me, as I pause to climb.

“ I know strange harmonies of song are near,
 And claspèd books, with mystic golden words,
 But book or song are naught to eye or ear—
 Are stranger than the language of the birds.

“ For they, at least, can thrill us through the sense,
 Inspire our hearts with calm, serene delight,
 To praise His glory and omnipotence,
Who brought from chaos, beauty, life, and light.

“Oh, rich is he, who, strong in self and will,
May persevere and conquer in the end—
Whose spirit's ardour nought may check or chill
But time consumed a fresher impulse lend.

“The sun of youth mounts in its golden sheen—
A gladsome brightness o'er the varied way :
Whilst I, a fretful idler on the scene,
Insult with plaints the freedom of my day.”

.

So sang a bard of lowly birth, obscure,
His soul with sacred Poesy aflame,
And pregnant with emotions high and pure,
That strove for birth in speech that never came.

A Jacob wrestling with an angel-thought
Of power and beauty to the world unknown,
That fadeth like a vision and is not,
Ere conquering speech hath made it all his own.

Before him stretched the thorny-rosy way
Of Poesy, by glorious dreamers trod—
And Commerce, with her streets of granite grey,
When Mammon guised in righteousness was God!

And Learning, with its dim and dusty halls,
Stood towering, turreted with many a tome,
But closed the gate, and high the hoary walls
Where Science rose, a grand imperial dome.



And from each path a thousand shadows came,
And beckoned him their bright, alluring way,
And promised riches, honour, wisdom, fame,
And each in turn awhile would hold the sway.

Some path ! alas, he fain would tread them all,
In each at once, and yet in all be chief,
And, wand'ring, claimed each promise, but his call,
Unanswered, died in wailing tones of grief.

And westward, deepening to a dusky red,
Life's sun sank wearily on Stygian breast ;
Unknown, unheeded, struggling oft for bread,
The lowly bard hath found inglorious rest.

Thus ends the record of a feeble will,
That this, his loss, may prove another's gain :
Ah, youth, that stand'st irresolute, faltering still,
Choose well thy path, some noble end attain.

Some path ! Ah, yes, be not without a goal,
Not purposeless by winds alternate driven ;
Constant and true as needle to the pole,
But seek o'er all, the path that leads to heaven.



YESTERDAY.

OH! for the love I lost yesterday,
 When the birds sang sweet on the clear spring air,
 And the hedge was green, and the world was fair;
 When the stream laughed sparkling down the glen,
 And sped with its growth to the haunts of men,
 But a cloud fell o'er the brightness there,
 When I lost my true love yesterday.

Oh, for the love I lost yesterday,
 When the pride of heart held the tongue in chain,
 And the spoken word came not back again;
 When the hand that pressed let my hand go free,
 And the eyes that gazed looked no more on me—
 My heart was filled with a dreamy pain,
 When I lost my true love yesterday.

Oh, for the love I lost yesterday,
 When a little word or a kindly look—
 Ere he sprang so sharply o'er the brook
 That ever must flow between us now—
 (For his glance was proud, and he could not bow),
 Had altered the dreary course he took,
 When I lost my true love yesterday.

And still, as I dream upon yesterday,
 The birds sing sweet in the clear spring air,
 The hedge is green, and the world seems fair,
 And the stream runs sparkling down the glen;
 But he crosseth no more for my sake again;
 Oh, pride, thou hast now for thy teacher—care,
 Since I lost my true love yesterday.

A DREAM OF SWEET MUSIC.

I.

I DREAMT a dream of sweet music,
 That stole
 Like a charm on my list'ning ear—
 Like a siren's spell,
 From the depths of hell,
 That worketh sorrow and fear.
 Of music that ravished my tranced soul
 With sounds of a sad sweet pain—
 A hymn of the damned to the Master Ghoul,
 Of praise and of prayer in vain.
 O dole!
 Misery and dole!
 For whoever gave way to its mystical sway,
 Had perished his priceless soul!

II.

I listened—I could but listen—
 And felt
 Impelled by the subtle strain
 Of the unseen choir,
 With a thrill of fire,
 To join in the wild refrain
 Of glory and praise. But the singers knelt
 At the throne of the Evil One.
 And Pride, and Remorse, and Envy dwelt
 In the hearts of sire and son.
 O dole!
 Misery and dole!
 For pleasure and gain, both fleeting and vain,
 Each pledged his eternal soul!

III.

I dreamt a dream of sweet music
 That came
 And palsied the living thought ;
 In vain strove the will—
 The mind grew still,
 And memory seemed a blot.
 But I knew in my weird delight and shame
 'Twould banish for evermore
 The knowledge of Christ, or His sacred name,
 Who Death for our souls' sake bore,
 O dole !
 Misery and dole !
 'Twixt Heaven and Hell for a space to dwell
 In strife for my priceless soul !

IV.

And in my dream of sweet music
 I seemed
 To drift, with a horrid dread,
 Near the tempter's throne
 (For the earth had flown,
 And I ranked with the helpless dead).
 The mind was numb, but a moment gleamed
 A thought, my soul to free,
 Of a Saviour's eye that with mercy beamed
 But HE, oh ! who was HE ?
 O dole !
 Misery and dole !
 Forgetting the God in the heavens above
 Who ransomed my priceless soul !

V.

But in my dream of sweet music
 I saw
Through the breaking mist a ray,

And a glorious name
 To my mem'ry came,
 Like the light of the dawning day.
 I cried with a voice full of fear and awe—
 " God, save my yielding soul !"
 The strains are hushed, and the shades withdraw ;
 I am free from the fiend's control.
 But dole,
 Misery and dole !
 To him who shall list to the tempter's voice
 Neglecting his priceless soul !

VI.

O Youth, beware of sweet music
 That comes
 In the voice of the friend ye love ;
 In the glasses' sound
 As the wine goes round,
 But of all its notes, above
 Fame's luring voice or the roll of drums,
 Or love's delusive songs,
 In the chime of gold, for its music numbs
 The heart to a thousand wrongs.
 O dole !
 Misery and dole !
 In his terrible thirst of lucre accurst
 Man barter his priceless soul !



MY CHOICE.

To the greedy merchant—wealth,
 To the pining patient—health,
 To the dungeoned captive—liberty,
 To the scribe—the poet's dower,
 To the politician—power,
 But my darling Lizzie's love for me,
 Ah, me!
 My charming Lizzie's love for me.

Astronomers may prize
 The glory of the skies,
 Discoursing wondrous wise all they see ;
 But above the brightest stars,
 Venus, Jupiter, or Mars,
 Are my Lizzie's loving eyes to me,
 Ah, me!
 My loving Lizzie's eyes for me.

Though the wealthy merchant boast
 Ships on Afric's diamond coast,
 His jewels may be lost in the sea,
 And no gem nor ruby rare
 With my treasure can compare ;
 Oh! my Lizzie's constant heart for me,
 Ah, me!
 My constant Lizzie's heart for me!

Who welcomes not the sun
 When the dreary night is done,
 Or the rain has drenched the miry lea?
 As its rays are to the flowers,
 In the summer's balmy hours,
 Are my Lizzie's loving smiles to me,
 Ah, me!
 My Lizzie's sunny smiles for me!

Unknown to wealth or fame,
 Nor lands nor gold I claim—
 An honest name's my only heraldry ;
 But were I to gain a crown,
 I would throw't with sceptre down,
 If it drove my Lizzie's love from me.
 Ah, me !
 My Lizzie reigns the queen for me !



IRON-ICAL.

A sorry rhymer was Bob Clink,
 The self-conceited draper ;
 As great a dunce as wasted ink,
 Or spoiled good writing paper.

He took it as his task diurnal
 For six weeks back to write a poem,
 Which, when he'd done, off to a journal
 He proudly sent, and in his proem

He wrote them thus—" If you admire
 My easy-flowing, graceful rhyme,
 I've other irons in the fire
 Which I will send in course of time."

The answer came—his piece returned,
 And with his piece a little note,
 Which he on reading quickly burned,
 For thus with irony they wrote—

" Your irons are too coarse by far,
 Refining they require ;
 Put this one where the others are—
 That is, just in the fire."

AICHTEEN.

OH! I'm a young lassie o' merry aichteen—
 Sunny aichteen, and blythe aichteen,
 A canty, contented, licht-hearted young queen,
 Wi' lads by the dizzen and score.
 They speak o' their love wi' a waefu'-like air,
 And say they are deein' 'tween hope and despair ;
 They ca' me their dear, and a great mony mair
 Nice names I ne'er heard o' afore.

Oh! I'm a young lassie o' canty aichteen—
 Rosy aichteen, and sweet aichteen,
 And blythely the lads come a-wooin' at e'en,
 And whistle oot by yont the door.
 My mither she'll smirk, and my faither he'll stare,
 And speir wha is't plays sic a short-winded air ;
 I'll say it's the wee boy wha leeves doon the stair,
 Tho' I never heard tell o'm afore.

Noo, I'm a young lassie o' only aichteen—
 Barely aichteen, and jimp aichteen,
 Yet wat ye what Jamie said tae me yestreen,
 That tirl'd my very heart's core!
 He said he had ne'er lo'ed a lassie but me,
 And if that I liked na his wifie tae be,
 He'd wander alane ower the braid stormy sea—
 Whae'er heard the like o't afore!

Noo, I'm a young lassie o' couthie aichteen—
 Loving aichteen, and leal aichteen,
 And whan the mist crap owre his bonnie blue een,
 I thocht I micht keep him ashore.
 Sae, I gi'ed him my haun', and I said he micht speir
 My faither, wha says we may buckle oor gear ;
 Sae, I'm gaun tae wed Jamie, but, od, I feel queer,
 For I never was marrit afore!

*AFF WI' THE AULD LOVE AND ON
WI' THE NEW.*

Air— "The Laird o' Cockpen," repeating first part for chorus.

SOME lads think a lass should juist dae as they please,
Should aye humour an' pet when they chauner an'
chide,
Should answer a' questions, should ne'er vex nor tease,
But juist let them ha'e a' the fun on their side.
A plague on sic loons, they've the cheek o' the deil,
My Tam was the same, but I sune stapped his mou';
Sae, my heart noo is free tae the first winsome chiel—
For it's aff wi' the auld love and on wi' the new.
 Aff wi' the auld love and on wi' the new,
 Aff wi' the auld love and on wi' the new;
 When ane gangs anither ane staps ben tae woo,
 Sae, it's aff wi' the auld love and on wi' the new.

A fig for the lass wha'd be tied by ae lad,
Whase douce heart's sae tame as no wish tae be free.
Tae enjoy twa-three mair; she's a fushionless jaud,
Wi' no hauf the wit nor the speerit o' me.
Het love's vera weel, but it canna last lang,
For changes are lichtsome and heartsome, I troo;
When ye weary o' ane, there's nae cheerier sang
Than aff wi' the auld love and on wi' the new.
 Aff wi' the auld love and on wi' the new,
 Aff wi' the auld love and on wi' the new;
 When ane gangs anither ane staps ben tae woo,
 Sae, it's aff wi' the auld love and on wi' the new.

Young Jock o' the Hill cam' a-wooin' yestreen—
A lad that's baith richer and brawer than Tam;
Od! he roused my fair face and my bonnie blue een,
And he ca'd me his dawtie, his pet, and his lamb.
He promised a' comforts this warl' could gi'e,
And a leal warm heart that wad tenderly lo'e;

Sae, I think I may juist gang wi' him for a wee,
 For it's aff wi' the auld love and on wi' the new.
 Aff wi' the auld love and on wi' the new,
 Aff wi' the auld love and on wi' the new ;
 When ane gangs anither ane staps ben tae woo,
 Sae, it's aff wi' the auld love and on wi' the new.



THE HEART'S WINTER.

THE summer time has come again,
 Back to the busy town,
 Now flashing on the window pane
 The hazy sun streams down ;
 And happy in its cage, now sings
 The blackbird merrily ;
 But summer's balmy breathing brings
 No happiness to me.

The summer of my heart has fled—
 Too soon for one so young—
 And love's hope-wreaths are sere and dead
 To which I fondly clung.
 I sigh for love's returning spring
 That nevermore may be.
 Ah ! seasons come and go, but bring
 No happiness to me.

Time was—how sweet if time had stayed !
 Or never change had brought !
 My love I shared me with a maid,
 Pure as a virgin's thought.
 Ah ! time, thou *then* wert fleet of wing,
 Why drag so wearily ?
 Oh ! wilt thou, with the morrow, bring
 No happiness to me.

HOGMANAY.

WITH the chimes of yon steeple
 The waning year dies,
 And its death-knell the people
 Salute with glad cries.
 Yet it bears as its prize
 Brightest moments of pleasure,
 Such as Memory tries
 In her cloisters to treasure.
 And there will Affection's pure flame, ever burning,
 Preside o'er the graves of the bright unreturning.

From the past to the present
 Pale ghosts, too, arise,
 For time was not aye pleasant,
 Nor clad in love's guise.
 It may be our sighs
 Grew of hope without reaping ;
 It may be our eyes
 Have grown weary with weeping ;
 But sighs are Love's incense when Faith's sky is
 darkling,
 And tears Love transmutes into diamonds bright
 sparkling.

Clear above the crowd's humming
 The merry chimes ring ;
 Oh, may this New Year coming
 Fresh joys to you bring !
 May smiling Peace fling
 Her serene mantle o'er you ;
 May Love on soft wing
 Scatter roses before you !

May every rich blessing your fond soul might treasure
 yours through the year to your heart's fullest
measure!

WORDS OF COMFORT.

OUT of town all is Nature's retreat, love,
 Out of our sorrows—joy.
 Life's pleasures were not half so sweet, love,
 If we never had tasted alloy.
 The bitterest pill we must take, love,
 But sweetens the after-bite ;
 Dawn's glory at morning's break, love,
 Were lost, had there been no night.

Trial is but a tunnel through care, love,
 That leads to a brighter day ;
 And the greater the sorrows we bear, love,
 The truer we learn to pray.
 When friendships prove false and we feel, love,
 Alone in this world's neglect,
 Then God will be nearer to heal, love,
 To comfort, to guide, and protect.

Then, let us not brood over care, love,
 Since brooding increaseth our store ;
 Nor, shutting our eyes in despair, love,
 Believe that God's sunshine is o'er.
 There never was suffering sent, love,
 But as part of the Father's wise plan,
 And they who in trust underwent, love,
 Rose nobler before God and man.



TO A HYPOCRITE.

Once on a time—
 But it will better suit my rhyme
 That you in ignorance may go !
 If 'twere last night, or long ago,
 I may not tell—you must not know.
 And so to grace my lowly verse
 The ancient prelude I rehearse—
 Once on a time

There lived a man,
 At least shaped after Nature's plan ;
 But if true manliness he'd show
 To aid a friend, to spare a foe—
 I may not tell—you must not know.
 (If vile or noble, 'tis the same,
 Politeness gives one common name)—
 There lived a man.

A saint was he,
 At least he would appear to be ;
 But if his saintship were disguise
 To blind his fellow-creatures' eyes,
 I may not tell—you must not know.
 Some said he was a lying sneak ;
 But, judging from his accents meek,
 A saint was he.

He told sad tales,
 But here my muse's courage fails
 To state if Truth did ever waltz—



For, truly, all men have their faults,
I may not tell—you must not know.
But soon he found himself alone,
Unloved, unheeded, as 'twas known,
He told sad tales!

An outlaw he,
Cut off from all around we see ;
But why from out their graces thrust,
Or why none may respect or trust,
I may not tell—you must not know.
Lost confidence no man regains,
And he without the pale remains—
An outlaw he !

Go, search thy heart !
And see if in the whole or part
This simple sketch resembles thee.
But as for whom 'twas meant, ah me !
I may not tell—but you *must* know !
One question e'er I quit my pen :
Hast thou not wronged thy fellowmen ?
Go, search thy heart !



A LASS O' MY AIN.

I'm no juist the auldest o' mankind ye'll see,
 Yet still, though the reason I canna richt tell,
 Tho' my face and my feegure are guid as needs be,
 Like the Phœnix, I'm fated tae bide by mysel'.
 My heart grows like lead, and fu' drumlie my e'e,
 When I think on the blythe happy days that are
 gane ;
 For tho' noo-a-days nane care a buckie for me,
 Yet I *ance* for a while had a lass o' my ain.

Ay, ance for a while I was cheered by her
 smile,
 Her glance gar'd my bluid loup wi' joy
 thro' ilk vein ;
 But now I ha'e nocht left tae cheer but the
 thocht
 That I ance for a while had a lass o' my
 ain.

Ay! ance for a while, but that time noo is past,
 I had a bit lassie, but wae's me tae tell,
 She somehoo grew wearit o' me at the last,
 Sae she left me tae stacher thro' life by mysel'.
 Noo, ilka young lad I see smirkin' gaen by
 Wi' a lass at his side, be she ever sae plain,
 I envy, and say tae mysel' wi' a sigh,
 Weel, I ance for a while had a lass o' my ain.

Ay, ance for a while I was cheered by her
 smile,
 Her glance gar'd my bluid loup wi' joy
 thro' ilk vein ;
 But now I ha'e nocht left tae cheer but the
 thocht
 That I ance for a while had a lass o' my
 ain.

The lassie I woo'd was as bonnie a queen
 As e'er g'ied the heart o' a laddie a scaur ;
 Her twa merry, twinklin', and witchin' blue een
 Fairly put oot the e'e o' ilk winkin' wee star.
 Her cheeks were sae rosy, her skin was sae fair,
 Had her heart been as true I'd been free frae my
 pain ;
 Od ! my ain in my throat swalls wi' grief and despair,
 Whan I think on the lassie I ance ca'd my ain.

For ance for a while I was cheered by her
 smile,
 Her glance gar'd my bluid loup wi' joy
 thro' ilk vein ;
 But now I ha'e nocht left tae cheer but the
 thocht
 That I ance for a while had a lass o' my
 ain.

Tho' noo at my heart there's a dull, dreary space,
 Cauld care I wad kick aff like ony fit-ba',
 Gin I fand a braw lassie tae fill up the place
 That was left by my sweetie when she gaed awa'.
 A lassie wha ne'er had lo'ed ony afore,
 And wha'd promise tae lo'e me, and lo'e me alane,
 And wha'd oxt'er me on till I'd knock at Death's door,
 A constant, leal-hearted bit lass o' my ain.

Ay, ance and for aye, a braw lass wha wad
 stay,
 For aften I think it's gey queer if there's
 nane
 Amang a' that I see, ha'e been made tae
 match me,
 For ance and for ever a lass o' my ain.

LOVE, THE DISTRACTOR.

ONCE in the days ere my heart did find thee,
 Calmly it throbb'd like a placid sea ;
 Now, since first Love in its depths enshrined thee,
 Wildly it pulses with restless glee.
 And ever attuned to its tremulous beating,
 Love, the distractor, sings this refrain—
 "Oh, for the hour of our next fond meeting!
 Oh, for the glance of those eyes again!
 Oh, for the hour of our next fond meeting!
 Oh, for the glance of those eyes again!"

Once in the days ere we met together,
 Life was a city of toil and care ;
 Now all is sunshine in dreariest weather,
 Floral-crowned Joy greets me everywhere.
 Yet still in the music and mirth of his greeting,
 Love, the distractor, will sigh with pain—
 "Oh, for the hour of our next fond meeting!
 Oh, for the glance of those eyes again!
 Oh, for the hour of our next fond meeting!
 Oh, for the glance of those eyes again!"

Joy of my soul ! ne'er shall gay, luring Pleasure
 Claim of thine homage a moment from me ;
 Thou art my solace, my thought, and my treasure,
 Life's sweet completeness is centred in thee.
 E'en now in the rapture and joy of our meeting,
 Love, the distractor, renews his strain—
 "Oh, that the present knew no retreating !
 Oh, that we ne'er had to part again !
 Oh, that the present knew no retreating !
 Oh, that we ne'er had to part again !"

WHILST IN MY BREAST.

WHILST in my breast I wear thy faith,
 And know thy heart is true,
 I care not what the envious saith,
 Though far thou'rt from my view.
 Thou'lt still be near unto the heart
 That proudly throbs for thee ;
 Nor space nor circumstance may part
 Thy spirit, love, from me.

But should there come Doubt's wintry day
 To chill Love's radiant sky,
 Ah, then thou wilt seem far away
 Though standing coldly by.
 The love that bridged our lives between,
 By faith bound strongly o'er,
 Would break, and joys that then had been
 Would charm or bind no more.

Then let us cherish trust, my love,
 And may our hearts be true ;
 For they Love's strength who idly prove
 Have ofttimes cause to rue.
 Who roots up love must leave a space
 The mould alone may fill ;
 Then, darling, look me in the face
 And say thou lov'st me still.



MAY MORNING.

BORN 25TH APRIL 1884; DIED 25TH MARCH 1886.

"Fiat voluntas tua."

Two years ago thou wert not, Maimie Morning,
 But as the earth 'neath April skies grew fair,
 And Nature woke from torpor and despair,
 Stern Winter's gyves and icy bondage scorning—
 When tender shoots were greenest on the tree,
 And birds sang joyous hymns of liberty,
 Whilst crooning low, the merry, sparkling brook
 Danced in the sun or dallied in the nook
 To woo the modest primrose by the way,
 And whisper songs of joy and coming May,
 Thou cam'st to us, and what a joy was ours
 Whilst Nature crowned the earth with wealth of
 flowers!
 But of her gifts the smiling land adorning,
 None vied in beauty, purity, or grace,
 With those which lit love-radiant thy face,
 Sweet child of grace, May Morning!

What joy thou brought'st! what promise for the
 morrow!
 What ever-present bliss when thou wert near!
 For thou wert aye a talisman 'gainst Sorrow,
 And Care forgot his sigh and Grief her tear!
 Such happiness to know thee and to love thee,
 Life's burdens were a joy for thy sweet sake;
 And thus through thee of that sweet heaven above
thee

Our souls in bliss a foretaste would partake.
What charms thou hadst! what quaintness in thy
prattle!

What world of melody thy soul possessed!
With what sweet tenderness, when doing battle
With toil and care, thy parents thou hast blest!
Oh, music-loving babe, now thou hast riven
The ties that bound thee to our lowly earth,
Thy soul shall swell with melodies in heaven,
In God's great glory finding rapt'rous birth!

For, ah! to-day thou art not, Maimie Morning,
And early April's tears weep o'er thy grave;
For Death relentless came, with chilling warning,
And, grief-struck left us, powerless to save.
Oh, mighty God! forgive our selfish sorrow!
'Tis ours, not Thine, not hers the bitter loss,
Whilst we sweet solace from the future borrow,
Beneath the shadow of the cruel Cross.
Here may our souls be chastened in affliction,
Our seeming loss but prove eternal gain!
Thus Death shall prove to us a benediction,
When heavenly joys o'er earthly hopes shall reign.
For thou, blest babe! whose home is happy heaven,
With God's eternal light thy brow adorning,
To us on earth wert only lent, not given,
To lead our souls to God, through thee, May Morn-
ing!



EMIGRANT'S LOVE SONG.

WHERE Lennon's placid waters glide
 To Swilly's throbbing breast,
 And in its broad and swelling tide
 Sink peacefully to rest.
 My heart hath found a dwelling-place
 For ever, love, with thee—
 My constant theme, my waking dream
Mo caileen gradh mo chroide,
A stor!
Mo caileen og with thee!

What though my lot be cast among
 The city's thousand ways,
 And though my heart no friendly tongue
 Shall solace with thy praise,
 To know that thou art ever true
 Were bliss enough for me ;
 'Twould tide me all mine exile through,
Mo caileen og, to thee,
A ruin!
Mo caileen dhas to thee!

And though the drear Atlantic heaves
 Its cruel crests in foam,
 And, madly surging, ruthless leaves
 Nor track, nor trace of home.
 My heart's fond wish, like faithful dove,
 Flies fearless o'er the sea,
 To tidings bring of hope and love
Mo caileen ban to thee,
My own!
Mo caileen og to thee!

LEGEND OF LOUGH COLUMBKILLE. (5)

YOU may think it looks quare, but in troth its no lie,
 You may fish in that lough till the watter runs dry,
 An' ketch your three trout a-day, aisy an' free,
 But the divil a wan* more you will ketch but the three.

The raison is this, as the ould people say,
 Saint Columbkille rag'lar came here for to pray,
 An' a man used to come much again' the saint's wish,
 An' plowter for hours in the watter for fish.

An' many a time he wid come onawares,
 When the saint was a-countin' his beads at his prayers,
 An' bother him so with his nonsense and talk,
 Till the saint in a rage wid 'a' tould him to "walk!"

Then he'd into the watter, an' there he wid stay,
 A-plowterin' an' singin' an' whistlin' away,
 An' wi' fishin' an' singin', the saint was so crossed,
 That many a good *pater* an' *ave* he lost.

So, the saint was so vexed, that he thoct on a plan
 As to how he'd get redd av this bothersome man ;
 For afore he'd be bate, he'd reduce the supply
 Av the fish—or what's worse—make the lough become
 dry.

* It may be necessary to explain to the untutored Saxon that this is merely a charming form of the negative used by the emphatic Celt for pith and piquancy, and has "no connection with the other gentleman."

For he knew that the haythen—whose name was
 M'Gurk,
 An' who wasn't a Christian no more nor a Turk—
 Wid bother him less if he scarned the trout,
 So, says Columb, "The divil a much more he'll get
 out."

So, next day when M'Gurk came along at his aise,
 With his ass an' his creels, sor, as proud as you please,
 For to hould all his fish in—the saint says, says he,
 "Shure you won't need a couple ov creels for the
 three?"

"What three?" says M'Gurk. "Well," says Columb,
 says he—
 "The three trout you'll ketch, for you'll only ketch
 three ;
 An' mind when you've got them you're foolish to stay,
 For the sorra a wan more you will ketch for the day!"

Well, M'Gurk didn't mind, and he soon polished out
 Three beauties—the purtiest, darlin' big trout ;
 An' he laughed at the saint, an' says he, "If ye wait
 I'll hook ye wan more for your bre'kquest to ate."

Well, he whistled an' sung, an' he fished all the day,
 But the trout all went by in a curious way ;
 Says St Columb, "Go home now, it's getting too late,
 'Stead av baitin' the fish it's yourself that is *bate* !

"You're hungry, no doubt, an' it sarves you quite right,
 You've been stan'in' all day without getting a *bite* ;
 An' when next time to visit the trout you'll incline,
 They'll all know that you're there without *droppin' a*
line."

Well, M'Gurk, sor, was mad ; but, feth, not to be done,
He went home, an' next mornin' rose up wid the sun ;
An' off to the lough wid his rod an' his line,
An' ketched his three trout by a quarter to nine.

But although he began with the song av the lark,
An' wandered an' waded till long after dark,
Till the nivir a line or a styme he could see,
When his day's work was done, he had only tuk three.

An' that was his luck iv'ry day that he came,
Try this bait or that bait, 'twas always the same,
Barrin' now an' again the saint gave him bad scan
For divarshin, an' let him hook two, or jist wan.

So, after a while, sor, says he, wan fine day,
"By the hokey, I'll fish no more here—it won't pay."
So he nivir went back, and some boul' people blame
Saint Columb for keepin' the charm on the same.

But in troth it's the case, sor, I'm tellin' no lie,
You may fish in that lough till the watter runs dry,
An' ketch your three trout a-day, aisy an' free,
But the divil a wan more you will ketch but the three.



THE LEGEND OF THE GOOLDEN ROCK.

HERE'S a health to the oul' days,
 The stirrin' an' boul' days,
 Whén fairies an' leprechauns (6) frolicked galore ;
 An' a thunderin' vengeance
 On gas, steam, an' engines,
 That wi' tillygraphs druv them away from our shore.

For afore them things mentioned
 Wor known, or inventioned,
 The good people lived an' played pranks on the sly ;
 But you see man's improvements
 So crippled their movements,
 An' spoiled their divarshin, it forced them to fly.

Och, them wor the quare days,
 Whin, maybe on Fair-days,
 Ere your head from the *poteen* you'd swally'd had
 cooled,
 If luck 'id betide you,
 They maybe wid guide you
 To a crock, or a big-bellied stockin' ov goold.

But if you or your faction,
 By word or by action,
 Had injured their feelin's, they'd give you a chate ;
 An' lead you astray be
 A mile or so maybe,
 An' give you a ditch for your bed if 'twas late.

For they're spiteful—oh, dear me !—
 I hope they don't hear me,
Or else, by the piper, they'll make me sing sad,

THE LEGEND OF THE GOOLDEN ROCK.

Here's their healths, boys, an' glory!
An' now for a story
That happened whin I was a *grawhl** ov a lad.

'Twas near Bunlinn† that I was born,
An' near the place a fairy thorn
Wanst flourish'd on a rock ;
No mortal hand, or care, or toil
Had reared it on that scanty soil,
But nature's child
Had flourished wild
In summer's heat an' winter's shock ;
For fairies there
Had watched wi' care
The bush upon the Goolden Rock.

An' all the people, young an' oul',
Wor fear'd ov body, life, an' sowl,
Ov touchin' the bush or doin' it harm ;
For they knew that the fairies wid lay a charm,
An' kill their pig, or their cow, or at laste
Their cat or dog, or four-futted baste,
An' ruin their crops, an' spoil their farm.
So the youngest a-fut
Neither meddled nor cut,
Nor pulled a leaf, nor dar'd to put
A han' on the bush for fear ov the charm.

But the quarest ov all was the Goolden Rock,
For stan' on't an' give it a keek‡ or a knock,
An' you'd then hear a clinkin',
An' jinglin' an' chinkin',
As if guineas wor shaken from out ov a crock ;
An' the oul' people said
That the fairies had laid

* A *stripling*. † *Bunlinn*, the mouth of the pool. ‡ Kick.

Their goold there, an,' troth, they'd the rattlin' big stock.

Well, oul' Barney M'Cue
 Was as hard an oul' screw
 As walked on the grass for to save an oul' shoe ;
 His hat was his father's, his walycoat,* too ;
 His breeches wor freize, an' his stockin's wor blue,
 An' he'd make a thin sixpence go farther than two,
 Tho' the naybours all said he was right well-to-do.

Well, many a time Barney passed by the rock
 An', troth, many a time Barney gave it a knock,
 Just to hear the goold guineas a rattlin' an' ringin',
 Like weddin' bells pealin', an' flingin', an' swingin',
 An' his musical ear
 He wid cock well to hear,
 Tho' he nivir made boast ov a great taste for singin'.

Well, we're wake errin' mortials—oh, divil a less !
 An' Barney, poor sowl—but I'm loath to confess,
 After tellin' oul' Shelah-go-saftly, his wife,
 Not to spake to the naybors for fear ov her life,
 Stole out for a dander wan clear wintry night,
 When the moon, lake a bright raipin'-hook, came in
 sight.

But he didn't go out with his han's alake long,
 For a pick an' a spade Barney shouldered along ;
 An' when he got there he played slap at the bush,
 But a cruked oul' wumman kem out with a rush.
 The cretter was hardly as high as your knee,
 An' her rid cloak an' hat loked as quare as could be ;
 An' her oul' weazened face that was puckered with age
 Was wild as a serpent's, an' bitter wi' rage,
 An' she cried in a voice that made Barney grow white,

* A sort of loose flannel overall.

An' set his knees drummin', so quare was his fright—
 "How dar' you come here to disturb or annoy,
 To wreck or to ruin, molest or destroy?"
 But Barney grew boulder (the wily deceiver).
 Says he, "Beggin' pardon, I've come for a favour ;
 Your majesty knows I'm in want an' distress,
 An' ten poun's 'id relave me, but sorra a less."

"Well," says she, "on the word of a quet, dacent boy,
 If you promise no more to molest or annoy,
 Or whisper the saycret to even your wife,
 You can still have a trifle ov change all your life ;
 But min' when you come, let it always be night,
 For we've no power at all, good or bad, in daylight.
 An' min', you bring ne'ther your spade nor your pick,
 But jist give three taps on the rock wi' this stick ;
 An' you must keep the saycret, an' do as you're toul',
 Or you'll taste ov new sorrows both body an' sowl !"
 So sayin' she handed oul' Barney a rod,
 An' then disappeared through the bush with a nod.

Well, Barney stud puzzled awhile at his luck,
 An' wan han' in his right breeches-pocket he stuck,
 An' there was the money for cow an' for rint,
 Just as if it had newly come out ov the mint.

Now, had Barney been wise he'd a-lived all his days,
 With enough an' to spare, like a gint at his aise ;
 His craps flourished well, an' his kettle* did thrive,
 For in place ov wan milk-cow, oul' Barney had five ;
 His childre got schoolin', his pigs a new sty ;
 His cabin new thatched, an' he'd money laid by ;
 Then he got a young horse that could fly lake the
 wind,
 An' lave Leitrim's best *cappel* or *garron*† behind ;

* Cattle.

† *Cappel*, a mare ; *garron*, a horse.

An' the naybors all wondered at Mister M'Cue,
But some said, "Sure he always was right well-to-do!"

But he bothered the good folks, so afen he wint,
An' now 'twas the childre, the pigs, or the rint—
He'd always some hole for to plaster or fill,
For in troth he was worse to keep goin' than a mill ;
An' what's worse, he toul' Shelah the saycret wan
night,

An' she tried it herself, but they gave *her* a fright.
So, the next time he went his reception was coul' ;
Says the oul' hen, "Well, Barney M'Cue, but you're
boul' !

After breaking your promise, an' sellin' the pass,
You come here for more goold—d'ye think I'm an ass?
No ! sorra a *thrawneen* * you'll get from us more—
Be aff ! or I'll make ye sick-sorry an' sore."

So aff wint M'Cue through the bogs an' the fiel's,
His heart at his mouth, an' his head at his heels.

That night he slept none but lay waken in bed,
An' the quarest ov notions came into his head ;
An' he thocht on the oul' fairy's words the first night—
"*For we've no power at all, good or bad, in daylight.*"

So he rose jist as soon as the crow ov the cock, an'
The East was as grey as the cat, or your stockin',
He *guldered* † to Shelah, "Get up, wumman, rise !
There's the sun, bright as goold, half-way up in the
skies !

Get up ! for we're goin' wi' the baste to Bunlinn,
An' we'll harry the fairies' store clane as a pin."
Then oul' Shelah, on hearin' the mention ov goold,

* A blade of fairy grass.
and a shout.

† *Gulder*, a compromise betwixt a growl

Says—"Och, Barney, machree! it's meself that was
 fooled,
 In axin' for goold at the oul' thorn bush,
 I got such a fright that I'm not worth a rush ;
 I'm afeared to go back for my narves are all shuk ;
 An' you know, Barney dear, they might send us bad
 luck."

"Ochra, none ov your oul' wumman's notions for me,
 Throw on you, an' quick, an' I'll shoon let you see
 That the divil a fairy 'll shake us, or scar' us,
 Or give us bad luck, or annoy us, or mar us,
 Shure it's only at night they've the power for to fright,
 An' by that time their bank, I'm afeared, 'll be light.
 So, as shoon as they'd swallied a bowlful ov tay,
 An' saddled the horse, they set out on their way.
 Oul' Barney rode Targer, wi' pick, spade, an' sack,
 An' a pillion for Shelah he placed at the back.

Arrived at the spot they set Targer to graze,
 Then Barney played slap at the bush, an' he says :
 "I've come for more goold from ye now if ye please!"
 Well, the bush was shoon scattered, and then he began
 To pick at the rock like a hard-working man ;
 His shurt tuk a houl't lake a plaster wi' sweat,
 An' he wrestled an' wrocht an' began for to fret,
 For the sun was beginning to run down the hill,
 An' yet he was pickin' an' hokin' there still ;
 But just whin you'd think it was five by the sun,
 Says he, "Shelah, achora, the job's nearly done ;
 Give a han' to rowl over this thunderin' boulder,
 An' ye'll be a rich wumman afore ye're much oulder."
 Well there, shure enough, was a sort av a crock,
 But sarchin' for goold—it was shurely a mock
 To find only ashes inside av the pot,
 An' nivr a "tinker" (7) among the whole lot.

"Jist the bones av some chief," (8) Father Flanigan
 says,
 "That wor burned and presarved in the ould enshint
 days ;"
 But that's jist *his* story—but don't you be fooled,
'Twas the change that the fairies had put on their goold.

'Twas dark whin oul' Barney an' Shelah set back,
 An' M'Cue wished his heart was as light as his sack ;
 But they hadn't gone far whin a quare-lukin' witch
 Set the horse in a fright an' threw all in a ditch.

Orra, Barney, your pinance already begins,
 For your baste's neck is broke for the sake av your
 sins ;
 Poor Barney in sorra was lakin' to cry—
 Had Shelah been kilt, but poor Targer to die !
 But Shelah gave comfort,—“ Yourself ye may thank,
 Shure it's jist as I toul' ye for meddlin' their bank !”

Jist then they heard such a wil' nicherin' an' neighin',
 They knew that some horse was convaynient at
 hand,
 An' there, shure, a fine *garron ban** was a-strayin',
 Jist ready to ride at the word av command ;
 They loked in the ditch an' they missed their oul'
 Targer,
 But here was a baste
 Quite his aigual at laste,
 As big as a heavy dragoon's bouncin' charger,
 So Barney an' Shelah both mounted in haste.

Och, what a scramble
 Through hedges av bramble,
 Through bog an' thro' breckan, up mountain an' steep,

* White horse.

While Barney was houltin'
 The baste, for the joultin'
 Was givin' him work in the saddle to keep.
 It climbed Cruck-a-Leaghan,* thro' mosses an' stones,
 An' pranced to the music av oul' Shelah's groans ;
 "Well, the divil admire me," says Barney, "this night!"
 "Lord pardon ye, Barney!" groaned Shelah in fright,
 As trimblin' an' narvish she gripped at the pillion
 An' Barney, who acted in front as postillion.
 But on went the Phooka (9) with nivir a halt
 Through bog an' rough heather, an' on by Lough Salt ;
 Bry'n Herry's was passed, an' wi' nivir a stap
 Lake lightnin' it flew wi' the pair through the Gap ;†
 It swam the Owencarry, then, wet to the skin,
 It passed Dim'nick Coll's,‡ *but it didn't go in,*
 For nayther itself nor its riders wor dry,
 An' the midnight's no time if you're wantin' to buy.

He rattled through Creeslough, an' pelted through
 Doe§

To where the Atlantic
 Comes dashin' in frantic, (10)
 An' tosses its waves lake a fountain av snow,
 With a rushin' an' roarin'
 Through a hole av its borin',
 In the heart av the rock from the watters below.
 The night was a wild wan, the winds ragin' high,
 An' the spray av Doe Hole struck the face av the sky ;
 'Twas well that poor Barney an' Shelah could pray,
 Or they'd nivir again seed the blest light av day—
 But the baste tuk a notion, it might be their prayers
 Wor movin' his hardened ould heart onawares,

* *Cruc-a-Liathan*—the hill of the grey spots.—*Joyce*.

† Gap of Barnes

‡ A well-known establishment in a wild and lonely-looking part of the country, with "refreshments for man and baste."

§ *Tuatha*—The districts: territory formerly belonging to the *M'Sweeney's*.

For instead av him throwin' the misfortunate pair
 Down into Doe Hole an' then *lavin'* them there,
 He made aff lake an arrow
 Right straight to Falcarragh,*
 Wheeled home roun' by Muckish an' back by
 Churchill,
 Passin' Garten,† bled birth-place av St. Columbkille ;
 Then on through Glenswilly it tore lake the wind,
 An' Drumbollog's white tower you could see far be-
 hind.

Through Glasach,‡ past Hughdie's, an' up Cruck-a-tee,
 While Barney, the sowl, was a pictur' to see ;
 Still neighin', an' snortin', an' prancin', an' stennin',
 While his eyes lake red danger-lamps fiendishly glowed
 An' showed him the way all along the dark road.
 Like lightnin' he whipped it beyant Kilmacrénan, (11)
 Roun' Moyle§ an' Lough Fern, an' then wi' a rush
 Back straight to Bunlinn, and then stapped at the
 bush ;

But farther than that, troth, the baste daren't go,
 For immediantly there a cock gave a loud crow,
 Then, just in a crack,
 He threw both aff his back,
 An'—sevin' your presence—he went down below.

Whin Barney ruz up he was crippled for life,
 An' a humph lake a knapsack had Shelah, his wife,
 Their bones wor all sore an' as stiff's " Paddy's fether,"||
 An' their wild luks might well scar' a boar aff a tether.

From that day the sowls had the blackest av luck,
 An' Shelah, the crettur, her narves wor so shuk,

* A rough field.—*Joyce*.

† *Garten*, a little field. St. Columb founded a monastery here in 521.

‡ *Glasa*—a rivulet.

§ *Mael*—a bare, bald hill.

|| "As stiff as Paddy's father when he was nine days dead."—Old *Saying*.

Grew donsy an' nivir rose aff o' her bed
Till the naybors had waked her an' brought her out
dead ;

As for Barney, his pritta craps* all tuk the blight,
His cows tuk the colic an' died in wan night ;
His flax was a failure, his oats was so scant
He saw nothin' afore him but hunger and want,
So, wi' notions av spendin' the rear av his days
In comfort, if not jist in illegant aise,
He retired to a mansion† near Skelpie‡ at length,
An' says he, "Let my motto be—'Union is strength!'"

Now, that's the whole story av Barney M'Cue,
An' I've toul' you no lie if it's ivery word true ;
But it teaches a lesson, let ivery wan heed,
Who wants more than enough's sure to lose for his greed.

For greed was the murther of Barney M'Cue,
Who might 'a' lived dacent an' right well-to-do,
Wi' goold in a stockin', an' plenty live stock,
But for spoilin' the bush an' for meddlin' the Rock.

* Potato crops.

† Milford Union Workhouse.

‡ A facetious name given to Milford on account of the frequency of faction fights there in former days.



M'QUADE'S WEDDING.

SING hey! for the weddin' ov merry M'Quade,
 The tenderest swain and the hardiest blade;
 The pride ov each boy, and the love ov each maid,
 Ten miles around Ballynascreen.
 His knowledge and larnin' wid credit a priest,
 He has Latin and English and Irish at least;
 While to hear him discoorse is as good as a feast,
 His wit is so ready and keen.

And thumpin' success to the manly M'Quade,
 Luck ne'er made him proud, nor misfortune dismayed;
 And long for his colleen he struggled and prayed
 To win her and make her his queen.
 An' in troth 'twas himself had the elegant taste—
 A comelier colleen a shoe never laced—
 The lovin'est-hearted, the sunniest-faced
 Sweet charmer round Ballynascreen.

But it wasn't her beauty, although that is great,
 Nor her queenly-built figure, though charmin' and
 nate;
 Nor her voice's soft music, though that is a trate,
 To charm though the eye ne'er had seen.
 But the wealth ov her mind that illumines her face,
 And the goodness ov heart that gives manners a grace,
 And the gifts the soul feels, but the pen cannot trace,
 Chained him to Dunronan's fair queen!

Och! the sight ov that day will ne'er fade from my
 eye
 Though I live all my life till the day that I die!
 The glory ov heav'n was foreshone in the sky,
 Snow-flecked o'er the deepest ov blue.

And robed in the freshest and greenest ov green
 In her holiday-clothes happy Nature was seen,
 While birds shared our raptures, in each leafy screen—
 Their warbled delights thrilled us through.

To see the girls dressed in their weddin' array,
 With their silks and their ribbons and posies so
 gay,
 When with joy-beamin' faces we all drove away,
 Wid have filled ye with pleasure and pride.
 And still, as we drove by each blythe farmer's door,
 Bang! bang! went the muskets the carriages o'er—
 All volleyed for luck, joy, and blessings galore,
 To M'Quade and his beautiful bride.

Och! that was the great day in oul' Moneymore,
 The people came out by the hundred and score;
 They crowded the church, and they flocked roun' the
 door,
 Admirin' the elegant pair.
 The preacher their duty did clearly explain,
 By *simple addition* made *one* ov the *twain*;
 Then back we all drove to Dunronan again,
 The feast and rejoicin's to share.

To sing you in praise ov the girls that were there,
 Or to pictur' their beauties is more than I dare—
 The plainest with Venus herself might compare—
 The task for my muse is too hard.
 There was comely Eileen, tall and graceful to sec,
 Priscilla, a joy and a heart-break to me,
 Lettie, Mary, and Maggie, sweet sisters all three,
 And Sally the pride ov Drumard.

To speak ov the boys, I'll be easy on that ;
 There was boul' Cruck-a-Leaghan, Tom, Shannon,
 and Matt,
 And others (but none ov their names come so pat
 To my pen) were as hearty and keen ;
 The boul' Cruck-a-Leaghan himself wasn't slow,
 Singing " Timothy Boyle," or " The Jolly Oul' Crow,"
 And " Gathering Shells from the Ocean " did flow
 From the sweetest lips ever were seen.

Sure, a merrier set never met 'neath wan roof
 At singin' or playin' or shakin' a hoof,
 And their lively good nature and laughter gave proof
 Care was murdered and laid on the shelf.
 But I'll houl' ye a button, if any will take
 On so heavy a bet, the next weddin' or wake
 That occurs in them parts, if I don't much mistake,
 Is the weddin' or wake ov myself.



LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

A LEAF from a friend in the distance
 Recalling the days that have been,
 And pleasures whose joyous existence
 The heart would keep lovingly green.
 To cheer 'mid the dust-clouds of duty,
 The whirl and the pressure and strife—
 A sunburst of gladness and beauty
 Illuming the bye-paths of life ;
 To tell of a sympathy tender,
 That space cannot conquer nor kill,
 But Time, the destroyer, engender
 A purer and higher bond still.
 If this be the wish that impels thee,
 'Twere dearer to me, love, than fame ;
 Then blest may the leaf be that tells thee
 My story, and whispers my name.

S U B R O S A.

ONCE I loved a maiden fair—
 Tell it not in Gath!
 Love around her everywhere
 Strewed with flowers her path.
 Lovers she had quite a score,
 And sought to gain as many more,
 When I, poor fool, came to adore—
 But, tell it not in Gath!

Songs I sang my lady fair—
 Tell it not in Gath!
 Blended hope with wild despair,
 As every poet hath;
 Trilling melodies to touch
 Her heart; but did they? No, not much!
 For Fate soon shattered Hope's frail crutch—
 But, tell it not in Gath!

Woman's love is like the wind—
 Tell it not in Gath!
 Was I cold when she was kind
 That I should feel her wrath?
 Soon there came a blighting frost—
 Her lip she curved—her head she tossed,
 And so my peace of mind was lost;
 But, tell it not in Gath!

So, I mourn my maiden fair—
 Tell it not in Gath!
 See me wasted in despair,
 Thin as any lath!
 But who may these "pangs" endure
 Nor try the homeopathic cure?
 Not I; for one, you may be sure—
 But, tell it not in Gath!

PEGGY BAWN'S ODE.

(INSPIRED BY SEEING A POET SHEARING.)

HAIL, shearing "pote"!
 I pray thee, stay thy hook
 That I may scan apace
 The glories of thy face ;
 For of thy wild, poetic look,
 At which the very rashes shook,
 I fain would take a note !

Thy weapon o'er the grass
 Doth ofttimes idly pass—
 Thou labourest rather slow ;
 I fear me, winsome bard,
 Unless thou workest hard,
 Thy wages shall be low.

Thou bendest ill thy back—
 Thou hast not got the knack
 Of cutting low the stems ;
 And yet thy brow is wet
 With trickling beads of sweat,
 That gleam like sparkling gems.

Sweet is the song thou singest,
 Whilst gaily at my feet
 The rashes mown thou flingest,
 And, oh, thy glance is sweet !
 Thou'rt happy now, blithe bard ; but, hark !
 Was that a *cursor* remark—
 In Parliament unheard,
 Unseen in books—
 Concerning hooks
 That cut the fingers of bards and singers ?
 Oh, dear ! I'm scared !

See how thy blood
 In gory flood
 Wells trickling from the wound !
 But never mind,
 Thy wound I'll bind—
 Alas! the bard hath swooned !

Some water ! Ah, thou'st come again
 To life, poor dear ! Dost feel the pain ?
 Ah ! at thy heart ? Ah, *oui* !
 Poor invalid, give me the hook,
 There, sit thee down and take the book,
 And read a rhyme to me !

YE MORAL.

If in this earthly life
 Thy fortune thou must make ;
 And if a winsome wife
 Unto thyself thou'dst take ;
 And if, for her sweet sake
 Thou'dst gain immortal fame,
 And thou resolvedest to break
 All records with thy name—

Then this I say, without a jest
 And boldly in thy hearing,
 If I may judge thine actions best
 By this, thy knack of shearing—
 That if thou'dst swear upon the Book
 That all these goals thou'dst surely win,
 "By hook or crook !"—excuse my grin—
 I think 'twould surely be by crook !

CARMEN AMARITUDINIS.

WHEN a small boy, a martyr to Latin,
 I struggled at school,
 One phrase, which came frequently pat in,
 I kept for a rule—
 “*De gustibus non est disputandum*”
 Oft solaced my woe,
 When my teacher—how often I’ve banned him—
 Imagined me slow.

My sweetheart was one in a thousand,
 And sweet as a nut.
 I pleaded my case with such vows, and—
 And—lo!—I am cut!
 She had poodles, and I couldn’t stand ’em—
 She said I was rude.
De gustibus non est disputandum—
 She married a dude!

Don’t doubt, gentle reader, my breeding,
 I’m always polite,
 And this, her reply to my pleading,
 Showed merely her spite,
 “*Te, tui, etc., amare.*”
 (Refusal expressed.)
 “P.S.—*Malos mores mutare*
Difficile est !”

By nature I’m specially gifted
 (Don’t fancy I brag)—
 When I Pegasus mount, I am lifted
En haut by the nag.
 My rhymes e’en when written at random,
 Make Tennyson quake—
De gustibus non est disputandum,
 They somehow don’t take.

I call upon the editors daily,
 And daily I'm dished—
 Come smiling on the morrow as gaily
 As if me they wished ;
 They tell me, as my verses I hand 'em,
 "Don't call any more"—
De gustibus non est disputandum,
 They show me the door.

'Tis thus through life misfortune has dogged me
 And lovers denied,
 And critics have thus cruelly flogged me
 And wounded my pride,
 E'en when Hope whispers sweetly, "*Jam tandem,*
 Luck's coming your way."
De gustibus non est disputandum
 Luck somehow won't stay.

I know there are some readers among you
 Who'll gnash at this rhyme,
 And hint that if the writer was hung, you
 Would deem it no crime.
 They will say, as a trifer they brand him,
 "His rhymes are worth naught ;"
De gustibus non est disputandum—
 They need to be taught.

Now, one word of advice before leaving,
 Don't sink at rebuffs ;
 If unprized and unloved, don't be grieving
 And sulking in huffs.
 "There's good fish in the sea," and we'll land 'em—
 If *some* haven't eyes,
De gustibus non est disputandum,
 Their betters may prize.

THE POET'S LAMENT.

THE poet sat pensive and musing
 In his dimly lit-up little attic,
 He was courting his Muse, and accusing
 The jade of her ways so erratic ;
 Whilst fretting thus, its third gyration
 The minute hand round the clock made
 Since he'd first invoked her inspiration,
 Yet still she had lent him no aid.

As he mused o'er his Muse, thus despairing,
 His hands through his dark hair he passed,
 And now he might be heard declaring—
 " Just one attempt more—'tis the last—
 Oh, Muse, my thoughts with rhymes be linking
 Inspire me to write most sublime ;
 For more than three hours I've been thinking,
 And, hang it ! I can't find a rhyme.

" I once could command the attention
 Of good magazines by the score,
 But now my rhymes scarcely bear mention,
 I think I had better give o'er.
 For these last three hours I've been a-thinking,
 My brain's quite dried up, and what's worse,
 Though I try, I can ne'er get a chinking
 From either my pen or my purse.

" To my used-up brain add ditto pocket,
 Now, who says that rhyming will pay,
 For I've pawned both my watch and my locket
 To keep me from starving to-day ;

True, sometimes I do get a pittance
 When my piece has been found to take well ;
 But as for a decent remittance
 To a poet, I never heard tell.

“But, hang it ! why should I live longer
 When one step my fate can decide ?
 If my strength of mind was the least stronger
 I'd go and commit suicide ;
 Yes, hang it ! I'll do it this minute
 When my mind on it is so intent ;
 But stay !—hold !—why the deuce sure is in it,
 I think first I'll write a Lament.”

So he sat down once more at his table,
 Again took pen, paper, and ink,
 And he wrote e'en as fast's he was able,
 For each thought came rhyme, chime, chink, and
 clink.
 Next morning, the poet on rising,
 His piece to the publisher sent,
 And ne'er was success so surprising
 As that of the Poet's Lament.

MORAL.

Now the moral of this teaches plainly,
 The best thing for “poets” to do,
 After courting their Muse oft and vainly,
 Let them go commit suicide too.



THE POET'S DIFFICULTY.

PRAY, pity one whose luck has been, with very slight exceptions,
 The worst sour Fortune ever doomed to persecuted man,
 Who has chosen as the idol of his furnace-like affections
 An angel whom 'twould glad the heart of artist just to scan.
 The fairness of her lily skin would darken that of Venus—
 Her features Innocence has stamped as marking them her own—
 But unpoetic Poverty has come and stepped between us,
 And keeps me from allowing my intentions to be known.

My sweetheart is a fairy of ethereal architecture,
 Whose golden hair in time of need would be as good's the mint ;
 The glances of whose deep blue eye might read a moral lecture,
 There is such modest trust, and truth, and innocence all in't ;
 A countenance as radiant as the sun on summer's morning ;
 A smile upon her rosy lips, a beam within her eye
 Like the dancing of the sun's bright beams the rippling wave adorning,
 Whilst in hue it far excels the brightest azure of
the sky.

Though she dosen't say she loves me, yet I fancy from
 her blushing,
 The drooping of her eyelids and the tremor in her
 voice,
 That there must be something in it, or what else can
 mean that flushing
 On seeing me, which makes my heart leap wildly
 and rejoice?
 Oh! I'd wed my fair enchantress—that's, of course, if
 she is willing—
 Only how I'd pay the marriage fees I cannot quite
 account,
 I own I'm sole possessor of a solitary shilling
 And some twopence ha'penny over, but that's
 scarcely the amount.

Oh, Poverty! your friendship I too gladly would
 dispense with—
 Fit company for none but thy professors—whining
 monks;
 The root of all that's evil I could really do immense
 with,
 If that root, like that of banyan tree, produced a
 lot of trunks.
 Oh! were I but distinguished by some great and
 gallant action,
 Which might bring me fortune's favours to keep
 company with fame!
 Or e'en to gain the money by some business-like
 transaction,
 So that I might afford to wed the one I daren't
 name.

DAS FRAULEIN VON SCHNIESCH.

I'm sitting alone in the shadows,
 My thoughts and my frame far apart ;
 I sigh, for, alas ! I've a sad dose
 Of *je ne sais quoi* at the heart.
 Should you ask me, dear reader, what that is,
 It's French—there !—don't bother me—wheesh !
 And I'll tell you the cause of it gratis,
C'est la schöne Jungfraulein von Schniesch.

Das Mädchen will often with mirth quake
 To see me perplexed in my wits ;
 Her glance strikes my heart like an earthquake,
 Her *himmel-blau* eyes are like *blitz*.
 My heart leaps with joy when I meet her,
 Like a hound that is freed from the leash ;
 Love ne'er made a fair tyrant sweeter
 Than *das schöne Jungfraulein von Schniesch.*

Her beauty, though type the divinest,
 Is yet but a tithe of love's arms !
 Oh, sun, at high noontide thou shinest
 On few with such delicate charms !
 Too weak for her praises my lyre is—
 I'd go on a far expedit-
 Ion in search of the end of the iris*
 For *das schöne Jungfraulein von Schniesch.*

* From our personal knowledge of the bard, we believe he would prefer to be *her ain beau* himself, and as such deliver himself up to her without the journey.—P. D.

At playing piano she's charming—
 You list her as list'ning to Liszt ;
 Her languages, too, are alarming—
 She'd leave Burritt quite in a mist.
 Her dancing!—don't make me feel "nervish"—
 Alas! for that Highland schottische,
 When I pranced with delight like a dervish
Mit das schöne Jungfraulein von Schniesch.

Oh, once I was *lustig und heiter*,
 And feared neither *Mädchen* nor *Mann* ;
 I thought Cupid's cobwebs were slighter,
 So, said I, "Let him catch if he can!
 No fair one *my* heart shall enamour,"
 Thought I, without dread or suspic-
 ion of snares from the sweet subtle glamour
Of das schöne Jungfraulein von Schniesch.

Ach, Fraulein, the light of your being
 The night of my own deeper makes,
 And Love, like a caged captive freeing
 Himself, my poor heart-prison breaks!
 I die—but I yield the ghost gaily,
 And I swear, without pang or contrit-
 ion, my *spuk* will haunt nightly and daily
Das schöne Jungfraulein von Schniesch.



FOR THE LAST TIME.

(TO-NIGHT.)

YES, I mean to give up writing—
 Save my paper, pens, and ink.
 People know not of the fighting
 Poets sometime have to think ;
 Never dream that lines that flow so
 Cost their authors so much thought ;
 Truth to say, they'd be but so-so,
 Lamé and crude-like had they not ;

Never guess why prematurely
 Poets' heads grow bald and bare,
 Placidly they think it surely
 Needs must be through age or care ;
 Ne'er suspect the reason why it
 Is his lays are strange and wild.
 Bah !—they know not of the riot
 Of the author's youngest child.

See yon poet, pale, at midnight
 With wet cloth around his head ;
 There he'll sit till sunbeams bid Night
 Shift her camp and go to bed,
 With the patience which you see a
 Cat use waiting on its prey ;
 He will weave his bright idea
 Into rhyme by break of day.

Though his lines be gay and witty,
 Head, and not heart, gave them birth—
 (Hearts that wrestle in the city
Effervesce not o'er with mirth),

Whilst he makes his readers glad with
 Jests, they think not of his woes,
Fancy not the author's mad with
 Aching tooth or *corned* toes.

Yet, with all his pains and labours,
 Aching eyes with midnight lights,
He is known among his neighbours
 Only as the "man who writes ;"
Whilst he lives he's little thought of,
 When he dies his loss is found ;
Honours, laurels he ne'er wot of,
 All are his when underground.

Once my views of life were cheery,
 Golden views of wealth and fame ;
Now I scribble sad and weary,
 Muse eloped, and Peg is lame.
And I find my views dissolving,
 And although it gives me pain,
I've made up my mind, resolving
 Never once to hope again.

I see not the pleasure of it,
 Nor can I divine the gains,
When a poet gets for profit
 But his trouble for his pains.
So, kind readers, all adieu now,
 Here I bid farewell to rhyme ;
Pen and ink, "Good-bye" to you now,
 Till I write some other time.

AN OLD STORY.

OUT of some words arose petty strife—
 Hearts that were pledged to each other for life
 By pride were cruelly sundered ;
 Neither to reason would stoop nor pause,
 Each despised and regretted the cause—
 “ How long will it last ? ” they wondered.

The glad earth glowed in the sun's embrace,
 For Summer was smiling with golden face—
 Its breath was the strength of roses ;
 But Summer to them could mean only heat,
 Blue sky overhead nor flow'r at their feet
 Its joy-giving charm discloses.

“ How long will it last ? ” her wild heart cried,
 As it strove with its murderer, cruel Pride ;
 But Pride replied—“ For ever ! ”
 “ How long will it last ? ” he said with a sigh,
 “ But ah !—she cares not—no ! nor I :
 Oh, God ! but 'tis hard to sever ! ”

Twelve dreary months time travelled o'er—
 A postman knocked at the lady's door
 (Such carry our fates about them) :
 Her love-blanch'd cheek had no paler grown,
 If the words of the note she had never known,
 Her life were less sad without them.

Oh, fools !—fools both, if you only knew
 How beat others' hearts, and how wildly true,
 'Neath the trait'rous cloaks they borrow ;
 But a word, look, or step in each other's way
 And your lives had been surely a summer's day
 Instead of a night of sorrow.

SONG OF THE EXILE.

From the French of François Coppée.

WHEN you show me a rose
 'Neath the blue sky a-bloom,
 Can'st tell why it throws
 O'er my soul deeper gloom?
 When you show me a rose—
 It is that I dream of a forehead more pure,
 And the exile's sad heart can no longer endure,
 When you show me a rose.

When you show me a star
 Whence these tears that arise?
 Why do blinding mists mar,
 Like a veil, my sad eyes?
 When you show me a star—
 It is that I dream of a maid's brighter glance,
 Who pines for the exile in fair, sunny France,
 When you show me a star.

When the swallow you show
 Which with summer-tide flies,
 Can'st say why its woe
 My self-tortured soul dies?
 When the swallow you show—
 It is that I feel as Love leads it may roam,
 But the exile may never return to his home,
 When the swallow you show.

HOW TO WOO.

(A MODEL FOR POETICAL LOVERS.)

Hamlet—Or like a whale?
Polonius—Very like a whale!—SHAKESPERE.

I'm an ignorant fellow, with plenty of cheek,
 Unacquainted with Latin, a stranger to Greek,
 But of slang I could give you a line ;
 I know naught of German, and ditto of French,
 But ask me to "tip" you a rhyme on a wench,
 And it's then I particularly shine.

I'm an alien to grammar, and freely confess
 As to clothing my speech in a fanciful dress,
 Well, I never have felt so inclined.
 I use the expressive far more than polite,
 In forcible language I greatly delight—
 It comes easier far to my mind.

I'm fond of my 'bacca, and partial to beer,
 And the fifty-two weeks and odd day in the year
 I devote to the worship of both.
 Should Wilfrid, or one of his non-swilling crew,
 Attempt to dissuade me from having my "dew," (due)
 I'd frighten him off with an oath.

Now, these are my vices, I frankly confess,
 Yet, darling, you'll love me not one whit the less,
 For you know I've my virtues as well ;

Though what, or where are they, I ne'er could find out,
 Yet, love, if you wed me, I feel beyond doubt,
 You'd discover, and quickly would tell.

Though poor at the present my prospects are great,
 As I'm heir to a very extensive estate,
 Which I'll come to when I'm twenty-one—*
 An estate that could never be bought by the queen ;
 'Tis man's estate, dearest, the one that I mean,
 The greatest one under the sun.

I've stated my case, love, and now if you think
 You could wed one who wastes so much paper and ink
 In rhyming without gaining fame,
 Why, just say the word, and I solemnly bet
 That in life you will never have cause to regret
 That for me you once changed your name.



THE CHILD'S ANSWER.

To little Jack I said one day,
 As sick upon my couch I lay—
 "Would you be vexed, now, would you cry,
 And miss me, Johnnie, if I'd die
 And off they'd take me in the coach?"
 "No," said he, slowly. In reproach
 I sadly gazed on him and said—
 "The songs I sang, the tunes I played
 Upon the keys, you'd surely miss?"
 He answered with a quivering kiss—
 "I'd hear you singing in the sky,
 Up with the angels, if you'd die!"

* N. B.—This applies to *minor* poets only.

EXPERENTIA DOCET.

I'm almost content with this life as I am,
 Though fortune was stingy in giving
 Her favours to me, yet I'll stick like a clam
 To the few she bestows while I'm living.
 Life yesterday seems the supremest mistake,
 But this consolation I borrow—
 I dreamt, but I'm now most acutely awake,
 And I mean to be happy to-morrow!

My views of mankind were so wildly absurd,
 I laugh at the mad recollection ;
 So noble a hero ! my faith in his word
 Was as strong as in woman's affection !
 But practical Truth drew Credulity's tooth
 In a manner most painfully thorough,
 I'm sore, but I'm cured, and I'm thankful to Truth,
 And I mean to be happy to-morrow.

I won't point a moral. Let every one find
 For himself that Experience teaches—
 The wisest advice flies away with the wind
 When we know the unlucky one preaches.
 Life's roses have fall'n to more fortunate "chaps,"
 But its fruits may yet banish all sorrow,
 So, I'll gather them well, and be happy, *perhaps!*
 In the shadowy, fleeting to-morrow!



YE BARDE HYS REMONSTRAUNCE.

ARGUMENT.— *Ye barde expostulateth with ye cruelle
fayre anent hys harsh restricktion and exylle.*

AND must I touch no more that lip
Where Love's delicious nectar lies?
And must I strangle all my sighs,
Nor press again thy finger-tip?

And must I gaze upon those eyes
No more with the absorbing glance—
But stand aside and look askance
And morally philosophise?

He entereth more deeplie ye subjeckt and upbraideth.

And must my language be a fraud?—
And must I check whatever tends
To make *them* think we're more than friends
Lest *they*, perchance, might think it odd?

He moralizeth and argueth ye pointe.

Oh, Lady, Pride brings wintry frost
To still and freeze Affection's flood,
To nip Love's roses in the bud,—
Say, hast thou reckoned on the cost?

He draweth ye picture.

Forbid the honey bee to sip
 The sweet that in the flow'ret lies ;
 To me, the light within thine eyes
 Deny, and love upon thy lip !

He coloureth ytt.

Be cold as thou wert ne'er before,
 And look for greater love in me :
 And from the flow'ret-starving bee
 Take all, and bid it bring thee more !

Ye climax.

Yes, coolly bid it bring thee more,
 And if, with an indignant sting,
 It answer'th not, 'tis not the thing
 I proudly, fondly took it for !

YE FAYREWELL LAMENTE.

*Hē biddeth ane fayrewell to myrth, and jollitie,
 prophecieth and writeth hys own epitaphe.*

Farewell to bright-eyed Laughter's reign,
 The joke upon my lips shall die—
 And when I follow suit thou'lt sigh—
 "Poor soul, he never smiled again !"



THE WANDERING JEW.

A.D. 1800.

Le Juif-Errant.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

HATH fair earth ever seen
 Sight stranger to the view,
 Or misery more keen
 Than of the Wandering Jew ?
 How strange his wretched fate !
 How sad, how desolate !

Some burghers of the town
 Of Brussels, pleasure bent,
 Accosted him as down
 The street he slowly went.
 They ne'er before had seen
 Man bearded so, I ween.

His coat, ill-shaped and torn,
 Hung on him like a sack,
 In many a clime 'twas worn
 Till threadbare on his back ;
 A workman's apron graced
 His frail limbs from the waist.

" Good morning, sir," said they,
 " You've travelled many a mile,
 Be good enough, we pray,
 To stop with us awhile.
 Refuse not our request,
 Stay here and take your rest."

“ Friends, let me but pass by,
I cannot be your guest,
For here nor elsewhere, I
Shall nevermore find rest.
Be't foul, or fair, or chill,
I must keep marching still.”

“ Come, to this tavern here,
Old man, we will repair,
A pot of foaming beer
With you we'll gladly share.
And we shall spread the board
As we may best afford.”

“ I'll drink, my cares to drown,
And thank you for your treat,
Though I must not sit down,
But linger on my feet ;
I feel ashamed,” said he,
“ Of your good grace to me.”

“ Your age, old man,” said they,
“ We're curious to know :
Your wrinkled features say—
As do your locks of snow—
You've seen a hundred years
Of this world's hopes and fears.”

“ Old age hath cramped me sore,
Eighteen hundred years I've seen,
Yea, truly, twelve years more
In this weary world I've been—
Twelve on the Christmas morn
When Jesus Christ was born.”

“ Are you not, then, the man
The early writers knew,
Who wanders 'neath a ban—
The cursèd Wand'ring Jew ?
We pray you, let us know
If it be really so !”

“ Yes, Isaac Laquedem
Was given me for name,
Born at Jerusalem,
A town of ancient fame.
Yes, I confess to you
I am the Wandering Jew.

“ Just Heaven ! thou'st richly crowned
My fate for my harsh crime,
For of this world, the round
I make for the fifth time.
The rest that Death may give
Each tastes, but *I* must live !

“ I wander o'er the rills,
The rivers and the seas,
The forests, deserts, hills,
Rocks and declivities ;
O'er plain and vale and lea—
All roads are good to me.

“ In Europe have I been,
And Asia, far and wide,
In many a battle-scene
When countless thousands died,
But came out safe from all
Without a scratch or ball.

“ I've seen in the New World,
And eke on Afric's coasts,
Dread plagues that daily hurled
The natives off in hosts.
But this I well can see
Death has no shaft for me.

“ Naught have I to disburse,
Nor house, nor wealth, nor land,
Five halfpence in my purse
Is all at my command ;
This sum, the wide world o'er,
Is mine, nor less, nor more.”

“ We treated as a dream
The story of your woes,
As poet's idle theme
Your wanderings without close ;
But now, indeed, we see
'Tis stern reality.

“ Some fearful crime was thine—
Some sin of first degree,
Or else the Lord benign
Had not so punished thee.
The reason let us know
Of this, thy lasting woe !”

“ My cruel rudeness placed
Me in this wretched state,
Yet could it be effaced
I'd gladly expiate.
My Saviour did I treat
With rigour most unmeet.

“ Upon Mount Calvary
 The cruel cross he bore,
 And meekly said to me,
 In passing by my door—
 ‘ Wilt thou allow me, friend,
 Here rest me ere the end ? ’

“ But brutal, hard as stone,
 Unjustly did I roar—
 ‘ Go, criminal, begone !
 Go—get thee from my door !
 March on, and quit my sight,
 I feel affronted quite ! ’

“ Then Christ, of grace the source,
 In sighing said, and tears—
 ‘ *Thyself must march the course
 Of all the future years.
 The final Judgment Day
 Alone thy march shall stay !* ’

“ Forth from my house that hour,
 I went with Sorrow’s load,
 With wretched Grief for dower
 I took me to the road.
 From then till now as aye
 I’m marching night and day.

“ Time urges me to flee,
 And I must now depart ;
 Though for your grace to me
 I feel with all my heart,
 My torments are too great
 To bear when forced to wait.”

UNREST.*

"AH! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May."

Denis Florence MacCarthy.

I.

"SOOTHE thee, aching heart of mine!
Calm thee, wild and throbbing brain!
Cease, O Spirit! to repine—
Learn all to be young again.

"Cool thee, fever-burning brow!
Bid abate thy veins' hot streams
Swollen and madly pulsing now
With thine anxious, wild day-dreams.

"Thoughts, oh! brood not o'er the past,
Nor picture me the tempting scene
Of what—were hope not overcast—
The gilded future might have been.

"Weary heart, dulled down by care,
Bid thine earnest longings cease!
Sorrow stalketh everywhere—
In the grave alone is peace.

* This poem, bearing, as it does, the above quotation, was the last thing read in this life by the author of "Waiting for the May." "On the Wednesday before his death I handed him the paper containing your beautiful poem, 'Unrest.' The last two verses he read twice.† 'These suit me,' he said, 'I shall not see another May.'"

† "These were the last words that met his eyes. He was forbidden further reading by the doctors who saw him soon after."—*Extract from a letter from John MacCarthy, April 1882.*

“Cease to long for joys to be—
 Bliss thou hast not power to frame,
 Seeking in futurity
 Shadows without shape or name!”

Thus I cry, but cry in vain,
 Heedless what to-day may give,
 Heart and thought and throbbing brain,
 In the future strive to live.

I, along Life's dusty way,
 Fairest flowers pass blindly by—
 Knowing not I live to-day
 And to-morrow I may die.

A hunger ever in my heart,
 Tantalus-like for joys I crave
 That, like mirages, flit and start,
 But rest not this side of the grave.

II.

A light of undefined day
 Hovering o'er the cloudy east
 I've seen, and sicken for a ray
 To cheer a spirit unappeased.

Music on the wings of night
 Flutt'ring o'er the dimpling seas
 I've heard—uncertain, faint, and light—
 Soul-perturbing harmonies.

Music of the boundless sphere!
Gleam of never-ending day!

Wholly die, or come more near—
Quench thy light or spread thy ray!

Like the mem'ry of a dream,
The adumbrance of true bliss,
On my soul, with fitful gleam,
Paints a world transcending this.

And my reason, sore perplexed,
Fain would pierce this Death's dark night;
Fain would strive to read the text,
The secret of the Infinite.

But, as stars wax sickly pale,
Sink absorbed in dawn and flee—
So the brightest reasonings fail,
Grasping at eternity.

And whom Faith hath never shown
Her Pharos-light, when tempest-tossed,
Whom dim-eyed Reason guides alone,
On Doubt's stormy sea is lost.

Faith, be thou my guiding light
O'er the dark, uncertain way—
With thy rays illumine aright
The path unto Eternal Day!

So, though life be fight and fear,
He who doeth all things best,
Knowing of my struggles here,
May He give my spirit rest!

HEART THROBBINGS.

A CRY FROM THE CITY.

"LONGING to escape from study
To the young face fair and ruddy.
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day."

D. F. MacCarthy.

OH, to be free from the town!
Free from its bustle and din;
How can I hope, with the struggle without,
For quiet and peace within?

Peace to the troubled heart—
Calm to the throbbing brain,
To feel on my pulsing and burning brow
The freshness of heaven again.

To feel as I felt when a boy,
When life was a bright summer day,
Ere Time's golden moments were changed to alloy,
And the gilding had worn away.

To feel as I felt when a boy,
Ere Care was my comrade and guide,
As I gleefully ran for the rainbow's end,
And clambered the steep hillside.

I ran for the rainbow's end—
Its hues were so tempting and gay;
And it seemed so strange to my bright young eyes
To see it gliding away—

So strangely gliding away,
As nigher I drew and nigh,
Till its colours dissolved, and all faded away
In the clouds and the blue of the sky.

In the clouds and the blue of the sky,
Of my after city years,
How often Hope's rainbow in splendour appeared
When Life's clouds had deluged with tears.

When Life's clouds have deluged with tears,
The rainbow is brilliant to see ;
But it promises naught for the world that is,
But all for the world to be.

Yes, all for the world to be,
For this one has little joy ;
But I follow wherever the rainbow appears,
As I used when a little boy—

As I used when a little boy,
Ere I knew the wild unrest,
And the longings that trouble and fill the soul
That the poet hath never expressed.

Yes, I follow where'er it appears,
Yet I never can tell me the why ;
But I feel there is beauty, and peace, and joy,
Where it dieth away in the sky.

But it fadeth away in the sky,
When I seem most certain to gain,
And my spirit sinks back to its wearied state
Of loneliness, and longing, and pain—

Of loneliness, and longing, and pain,
 That never will let it be free ;
 But I feel were I free from the city again,
 'Twould be respite and pleasure to me ;

'Twould freshen my wearied soul,
 And cool me my burning brow,
 And lighten my heart of the load of care
 Oppressing and crushing it now.

Oh, to be free from the town !
 Free from its bustle and din ;
 How can I hope, with the struggle without,
 For quiet and peace within ?



LOVE'S LANE.

MERRILY down Love's Lane,
 Hand-in-hand together,
 Laughing and chatting, we twain
 Strayed in the bright sunny weather.
 We knew naught of thorn nor of pain,
 Nor dreamt that the pitiless rain
 Would chill us and part us, nor whether
 We ever might meet again.

Drearily down Love's Lane
 Autumn leaves are flutt'ring,
 There nevermore shall we twain
 Wander, our hearts' wishes utt'ring.
 When shall the sun shine again !
 Coldly the pitiless rain
 In rut-pools is splashing and splutt'ring,
 And bleak is hill, valley, and plain.

DEAR LITTLE MAID O'ER THE SEA.

DEAR little maid o'er the sea,
 Piercing the shadows of years,
 Mem'ry, love-spel, flies to thee,
 Greets thee with joy and with tears.
 Sighs only lovers may know,
 Yearning unframed by the tongue,
 Tend on the long, long ago,
 When life and when love, love, were young.

Who loved as we in the past?
 Soul to soul speaking each thought:
 Love was so earnest, so vast,
 Language of words was as naught.
 From thy soul's fountain I drank
 The love in thy beautiful eyes,
 And their long lashes droopingly sank,
 And you blushed at their fall and their rise.

Oh! wert thou as faithful to me,
 Through the mists and the rain of past years,
 As I o'er the pitiless sea
 To thee, through the shadows and fears;
 Our hearts would yet joyfully beat—
 Beat as one in the happy to be,
 Both blent in one unison sweet,
 My dear little maid o'er the sea.



THE SLEEPWALKER:

A LEGEND OF LOUGH NEAGH.

OH! bright are the waters of lovely Lough Neagh,
 As glidingly dancing the summer sun's ray
 O'er its soft ripples twinkles with fluttering gleam,
 Like the music enriching a troubadour's theme.

But dark are the waters of lonely Lough Neagh
 When the dolorous night with its shadows hath sway ;
 Then a lone woman wanders, and hopelessly weeps
 O'er the cold, sullen wave where her darling one sleeps.

And nightly she croons her sad notes of despair,
 And again sees enacted her wild sorrow there,
 For the thoughts of that night ever crowd in her mind,
 And she hears his last cry in the voice of the wind.

And oft by the neighbours, in winter nights cold,
 In Kaylie together, her story is told,
 And tears of soft pity will silently steal
 O'er the cheeks of the tender for Widow O'Neil.

Poor Widow O'Neil had as merry a son
 As footed a reel when his day's work was done,
 Large-hearted and manly, and trusty when tried,
 And kind to his mother as groom to his bride.

No idler was he, for he worked all day long,
 And he sweetened his labour with snatches of song ;
 And thoughts of young Norah, his sweetheart, would
 steal

Like sunshine on roses o'er Willie O'Neil.

But his brother was young, and his poor sister's mind
Was weak, so he never could leave them behind ;
And he'd sigh as he'd think what the neighbours would
say
If he married, " his mother would be in the way."

Then Norah's old father was proud and unkind—
The son of the widow was not to his mind,
For a farmer, whose boast was his cattle and land,
Seemed a worthier suitor for fair Norah's hand.

And Norah, the truth of her heart to confess,
Seemed loath, and poor Willie in doubt dare not press,
For what *could* he offer, and ask her to wait,
So he bided in silence, and pride, till too late.

Sad, sad was the heart of young Willie O'Neil,
But he told not his cross, lest his mother might feel,
More thoughtful, ay, kinder he now seemed to be,
And the happiest woman in Ireland was she.

But though calm seemed his life, in his heart's currents
deep
There struggled a sorrow that acted on sleep,
And stilled his soul's music that cheered him by day,
Till the blue sky of manhood grew drearily grey.

'Twas midnight ; the household was hushed in repose,
When Willie, still sleeping, from bed slowly rose,
He lifted the latch and walked out into night,
While the quick-wakened mother lay waiting in fright.

Hours passed ere he came and returned to his bed,
And his face and his limbs were as cold as the dead,
And the fears of his mother grew anxious and wild,
For *she knew* that the fairies were taking her child.

Thus nightly she saw him emerge from his room
By the peat-glow that battled with midnight's deep
gloom,
And a thousand wild horrors would torture her brain,
Till her fairy-led son was restored her again.

To tell him the secret, her mind was afraid,
But in silence she wept, and in secret she prayed
Night and day, that the darling her heart loved so well
Might be freed from the thrall of the little folks' spell.

For daily she saw Willie falling away,
For paler and thinner his cheek grew each day ;
More sunken, and strange-like his once beaming eye,
And oh, the deep pathos he'd breathe in a sigh !

No eye like a mother's so quick to perceive
Our secret afflictions, or tell when we grieve,
And so with the widow, her heart bled to feel
The woe that was wrecking young Willie O'Neil.

One night in the old ruined Abbey she prayed
O'er the grave where the corpse of her husband was
laid—
“Oh, God, cure my Willie from sorrow and pain,
And grant from to-night that he walks not again !”

Then homeward she hastened, her mind more at ease,
And entered as Willie arose from his knees,
Saying, “Mother, by strange dreams I've been sore
oppressed,
But I feel that to-night will bring comfort and rest.”

The mother spoke not, but she waited the hour
When the ghosts and the fairies and witches have
power,

And then, to her sorrow, she saw as before
Her son in his night-trance walk out at the door.

Then, hastily dressing, she followed his path
By dark bush and ruin, and green fairy-rath ;
By Shane's ghostly castle, weird, crumbling, and grey,
She followed his footsteps to lonely Lough Neagh.

But what was her horror and terror to see
Him walk on its waters as o'er the green lea ?
Her fear overcame her, she gave a loud scream,
And startled her Willie, who woke from his dream.

Alas ! fatal instinct of motherly care—
Alas ! sad awaking to doom and despair !
One shriek and he sank as he strove for the shore—
Her boy's fairy rambles and sorrows were o'er !

Oh, bitter the anguish of Widow O'Neil,
Her blind prayer was answered, her crushed heart did
 feel,
He was cured, heaven willed it, and so took her son,
And her soul, bowed in sorrow, moaned "God's will be
 done !"



MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

LONG had the red sun ceased to flush
 The darkling western sea,
 And with a calm and holy hush,
 Night mantled hill and lea.
 The stars, like angels' eyes so mild,
 Were calmly looking down,
 And dreaming Care and Labour smiled
 Throughout the sleeping town.

Whilst I, lone toiler of the night,
 In silent solitude,
 With aching eyes, had ceased to write,
 And mused in pensive mood.
 What of the feverish hopes I nursed ?
 What of the fears that grew ?
 Would Fancy's rainbow'd bubble burst
 That fond Ambition blew ?

Would all my daily dreamings cease,
 And learning's thirst assuage ?
 And would my longing heart find peace
 And rest in sober age ?
 Whilst I, amid the common throng,
 Might sink and be forgot ;
 A tuneless, voiceless son of song,
 Whose fellows knew him not.

Oh ! if I e'er with lightsome lay
 Did ease the wretched's smart,

Or plucked Care's gnawing tooth away
Like vulture from the heart,
The loftier paths may well be trod
By bards of nobler strain,
But I will humbly thank my God
I have not sung in vain!

If singing o'er life's dusty ways
To cheer my kind along,
There lists a heart whose spirit says—
“*My* voice is in his song!
It is *myself* he sings! his mirth,
His longings, hopes, and pain,
Have all in *me* found voiceless birth!”
I have not sung in vain.

And if there be a kindred mind
That feels my song is true,
That in my lowly verse may find
A pleasure ever new,
Then from song would I ne'er depart,
Against such what were Fame?
The homage of a creature's heart,
The poet's highest claim!



ONCE IN A YEAR.

WHY doth my sad heart revive when Spring springeth
 Fresh from the chill bonds of Winter's domain,
 Waking dull earth with the presents she bringeth,
 And heralds that warble their joy at her reign?
 Is it I'm soothed by the choristers' ditty,
 Refreshed by the dew-jewelled flowers on the lea?
 No, for pent up in the great restless city,
 Never a flower doth mine aching eyes see,
 Never a song-bird to ravish mine ear.
 But sweet love reminds me the time draweth near,
 When once more, my darling, I'll fly unto thee—
 Once in a year.

Why doth my glad heart rejoice when the summer
 Blushingly comes hand-in-hand with young May?
 Why doth it start out to greet the new-comer
 Warmly kissing the dew off the spray?
 Is it because she is sweet-breathed, and laden
 With flowers for the wild-wood, and stores for the
 bee?
 Nay, but she minds me of my blue-eyed maiden,
 As mild and as lovely, as generous as she;
 And Love, my heart's song-bird, sings sweet in mine
 ear,
 Summer hath come, and the time draweth near,
 When once more, my darling, I'll fly unto thee—
 Once in a year.

Oh! sweet is the time when the glad earth is glowing—
 Smiling and bright in the sun's fervent love,
 When wild brooks are dancing, and roses are blowing,
 And birds carol hymns in the heavens above.
 Then, Nature, I'll flee from the city to woo thee,
 With a heart light and gay as a caged bird set free;

And thou, my heart's magnet, I'll once more fly to
 thee,
 And look for a love-glance of welcome from thee.
 How sweet with love dreams will the time pass away,
 And Love, my heart's song-bird, will sing all the day,
 Oh! fly away time, till together we be
 For ever and aye.



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

ONCE on a time there danced a heart
 As light and free as air, Mary,
 That mocked sly Cupid's utmost art,
 And woman's witching snare, Mary,
 And had evaded every net
 By giddy coquettes cast, Mary,
 Until a purer soul it met,
 And so was caught at last, Mary.

The maid who won this heart so gay
 Used neither art nor skill, Mary,
 Nor sought to steal the heart away
 Against its own free will, Mary.
 I question if she even guessed
 Her power had been so great, Mary,
 Until the captive heart confessed
 Its sad and servile state, Mary.

The owner of the truant said
 With her it might remain, Mary,
 If he could gain hers in its stead
 He'd think his loss his gain, Mary.
 The heart that made this transfer strange
 I do confess was mine, Mary ;
 The heart I plead for in exchange
 Is truly none but thine, Mary.

CHANCE OR DESTINY?

My love is a cold, chilling star,
 And life is a long, lonely night ;
 Serenely she shines from afar
 With an alien and heart-numbing light.

I gaze—and I sicken at heart ;
 I gaze—and mine eyes dim with tears.
 O Fate ! to live ever apart
 Through the cycles of slow winding years.

She looks—but the light in her eyes
 Speaks not to the love in mine own.
 She speaks—but her dulcet replies
 Lack the music of love in their tone.

She smiles—but her smile is my sigh ;
 Though bright, it is cheerless and cold,
 Like the sun, in a red wintry sky,
 That mocks with its burnishing gold.

O gulf—mystic gulf, that divides
 Two lives—Oh, so nigh !—is it chance ?
 Who knows how my heart's crimson tides
 Surge and ebb at the spell of her glance ?

And she—does she know what I ne'er
 In her passionless, cold ear may tell ?
 Would she pity, or scorn, did I dare ?
 But no, she knows not. It is well !

And so to my life's troubled sea
 Will she be my cold, distant star ;
 Flowers bud, bloom, and die ; swallows flee,
But we must remain as we are.

THE TEMPLE OF GLOOM.

LAST night, in the Temple of Gloom,
 I knelt at the shrine of Despair ;
 The organ's deep thundering boom,
 And low wailing troubled the air.

The sad, syren music it breathed,
 Seemed tuned to the chords of my heart,
 And the subtle enchantment it wreathed
 From memory ne'er shall depart.

The player who fluttered my breast,
 And ravished with glamour mine ear ;
 Was the starry-eyed wand'rer, Unrest,
 A waif from a mystical sphere.

"O, waif from a glorious sphere,
 What sin hath condemned thee to this ?
 Why ro'v'st thou in sorrow and fear
 Afar from thy bright realms of bliss ?

"Thy Father hath dowered thee well,
 And still for thine absence doth mourn ;
 Oh, pray that the future may tell
 Thou didst to His dwelling return !"

Then answered the player, "O, man !
 My brother, unwitting, art thou !
 The thorns that thou bearest, but scan ;
 They are jewels adorning thy brow !

“Yet thou’lt come to the Temple of Gloom,
 And thou’lt kneel at the shrine of Despair,
 Where the odours of sin and the tomb
 Are wafted as incense on air!”

He ceased ; but there streamed from the sky,
 Illuming that lone, dreary aisle,
 Hope’s star, like an angel’s bright eye,
 Or a ray from God’s heavenly smile.

Then I rose from the shrine of Despair,
 And I fled from the Temple of Gloom ;
 And I breathed on God’s pure blessed air,
 Relieved from Doubt’s dismal simoon.



A SEASONABLE REMONSTRANCE.

I HATE to hear poets a-punning,
 Whilst hailing the seasons in rhyme ;
 I strongly object to their funning—
 I hold it a horrible crime.

One instance to which I’m objecting
 Is when they come near the sublime,
 And when a grand burst you’re expecting,
 They drag in a pun in their rhyme.

For instance, when poets are singing
 ‘Bout the coming of Spring, they ne’er fail
 To say—“ Now, in *Spring*, flowers are *springing*!”
 Or to scream to chill Februar’, “ *Hail !*”

And, indeed, that he does with a vengeance—
If we "hail" him, he *hails* us much better ;
His hailing-machines or hail-engines
Fulfil our request to the letter.

I read a dry poet addressing
Sweet May, in a passable strain ;
But his vile wit he must be expressing
With—" All Nature is glad when you *reign* !"

In Summer, I pass o'er these poets—
Poor puppies who write doggrel rhyme,
For, as my dear readers all know, it's
The *dog-days* the most of the time.

But then each poetical mummer
In Autumn one hears of or sees,
Will plague you with puns—" When the Summer
Leaves, *leaves* take their *leaves* of the trees."

And then, in bleak, chilly December,
Each vile-punning poet we hear,
With the hard frost is sure to remember
To pun on the *close* (clothes) of the year.

So you see I'm completely disgusted
With the rhymes which are now *a la mode* ;
For no modern bard can be trusted
To write on the seasons an ode.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

PAIN and Pleasure, twin sister and brother,
 Together in Heaven were born,
 And Venus, that amiable mother,
 First showed them the light of the morn.
 The god Jove, who launches the thufider,
 Divided their attributes there ;
 The brother got wings—and no wonder—
 But poor Pain ! none was left for her share.

“ Who'll take me to earth ? ” said she, crying,
 Addressing the king of the gods,
 “ How can I, without wings, go flying
 From heaven down to earth's senseless clods ? ”
 Then Jove answered, saying, “ Cease weeping,
 On Pleasure's soft wings thou'lt descend :
 And the wounds we assign to thy keeping
 To cure he will gladly attend.”

See Pleasure and Pain thus united,
 And come to enact on us laws !
 As soon as on earth they alighted
 They practised their powers without pause.
 And oft 'neath the wings of her brother
 Her weapon, Pain hid by the road—
 When the one drew a teardrop, the other
 A favour, though fleeting, bestowed.

If, quitting the wings of gay Pleasure,
 Pain wishes to travel alone,
He welcome receives without measure,
She no one will willingly own.

She returns, though with rage fit to smother,
 With Pleasure, her guardian, to dwell,
 And they who would now lodge the brother
 Must harbour the sister as well.



WHEN ?

MADE for each other were she and I—

When shall we learn or know it ?
 Each with the other blends sigh with sigh—
 Each with the soul of the poet !
 Living so near, and yet, oh, how far !
 Knowing yet all unknowing !
 When shall the veils fall from what we are—
 The truth to each other showing ?

When shall we learn how we sought in vain
 Our idol of love in others ?
 When shall appease the heart-hungering pain
 No pleasure allays or smothers ?
 When shall each heart know the secret of joy,
 Perceiving the source of its cravings ?
 When shall we both our false idols destroy,
 And plunge them 'neath Lethé's lavings ?

When shall we own what we dare in dreams,
 How our souls have made blind endeavour
 To be blent in one flow, like divided streams,
 In the ocean of love for ever ?
 Ah ! then shall a new light flood our eyes,
 Dispelling the mists of sorrow,
 When our lives become new with the sweet surprise
 On the dawn of that radiant morrow !

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

DEAR Lady Disdain, on a storm-beaten coast,
 Where the sea-warring winds, like a demon in pain,
 Rush shrieking to torture the foam-maddened main,
 Thou hast made thy abode—thou hast taken thy post,
 And thy friends in the city shall never again
 Know the joy of thy presence, dear Lady Disdain.

Dear Lady Disdain, thou wert loyal and true,
 Till the hopes thou had'st cherished were cruelly
 slain,
 And the idol was shattered thou'dst worshipped in
 vain :
 No shadow of turning thy heart ever knew
 Till the pen of the slanderer wrote on thy brain
 Thy loved one was faithless, dear Lady Disdain.

Dear Lady Disdain, thou wert blindly unjust
 When Faith's light was quenched in dark Pride's
 gloomy reign,
 And Love's eager questions were prisoners in chain.
 Had'st thou tested thy friend, ere thou shrank'st in
 mistrust,
 Thy fears were but shadows then, shapeless and
 vain,
 And thy life were the richer, dear Lady Disdain.

Dear Lady Disdain, thro' the summers to be,
 And the rich tinted autumns to follow their train,
 Our lives may revive to fresh pleasures again :
 But to thee shall come trooping, as oftentimes to me,
 The thoughts of dead summers, more dear to us
 twain,
 Now evermore severed, dear Lady Disdain.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

ACROSS the sea, my thoughts, like angel sprite
 Have cleft Night's murky realms of dreary space,
 And come to greet thee, ere the morning's light
 Peers rudely on thy happy, dreaming face.
 Pure-thoughted visions pass before thy mind,
 Years yet to be, and years now left behind
 Before thee sweep in panoramic train,
 In changeful dream, 'neath blissful Fancy's reign ;
 Rude Winter's blast invadeth not thy dreams ;
 To thee, this world's most joyous scenes they show—
 Happy thou rovest where the sunlight gleams
 Down where Mayola's murmurous waters flow.
 Awake! my love, to thee another year,
 Yon sun proclaims, is brightly now begun ;
 Through pure-souled Pleasure may its pathway run,
 Oh, may it never claim thy sigh, nor tear !
 Yet, if stern crosses be thy lot to bear,
 Oh, may thy heart be strengthened for the load !
 Useful the lessons taught by cruel Care—
 Many the flow'ret's plucked by dreary road !
 And, if thy heart be brave to struggle on,
 Right then shall triumph, Love shall bear the sway ;
 Yielding before its light, as Morning's dawn
 Hath chased the shades of sombre Night away,
 Each doubt and shadow, prejudice and fear,
 Pierced and sore stricken, shall flee Love's gleaming
 spear !
 Be this thy watchword through the opening year,
 Under the cloud, 'neath sorrows dark and drear—
 " Right yet shall triumph, Love shall bear the sway,
 Night's dark oppression must yield to dawning Day!"

THEN AND NOW.

OH ! I once was a victim of love—
 I never will be so again ;
 I'm free from my fetters, and now far above
 Dan Cupid's despotic domain.

I was then such a consummate ass,
 My heart I had lovingly laid
 At the feet of a *vane*-headed, good-looking lass—
 One whom Nature had specially made.

On her features I will not enlarge—
 Dame Venus might envy the same—
 My thoughts always dwelt upon them—free of charge ;
 And a talisman lurked in her name.

Her air—but can " air " be the word
 For her fairy deportment and grace ?
 Sometimes our poor English seems weak and absurd,
 And the meaning looks *mean* in its place.

I loved—but, alas ! to my woe—
 The hard-hearted, heartless young thing !
 I discovered she'd too many strings to her bow,
 Or else too many *beaux* to her *string*.

In love-knots she'd so many beaux,
 She oft caused me fearful alarms ;
 I grieved for a weakness which wholly arose
 From the singular *strength* of her charms.

A list of her beaux the minx drew,
 Classed in shades, and therein could be seen
 The pink of perfection, sage, *queer* (*cuir*), and true blue,
 And your servant was classed " evergreen."

The list I once happened to spy,
In secret it caused me to wince—
If she thinks *I'm* green, really "it's all in my eye,"
And I laughed,—*but the laughing was since.*

My heart beat tatoo on my ribs,
My brains knocked about in my head ;
As if neither parties were pleased with their "cribs,"
And would like to be outside instead.

The brains said they'd kick up a row
If I minded the cowardly heart ;
And that traitorous sneak made me think of my vow,
And then took up the young lady's part.

There had soon been a row in the house,
Had not entered one, haughty-browed Pride ;
Then the poor fright'ned heart lay as mute as a mouse,
And to never a sentence replied.

Says Pride, "Why your love is too much
To give all unto *one* pretty face,
In your heart there is room for some forty-five such,
Who'll be only too glad of the place."

So the new mode was quickly begun,
I never thought twice on't to choose ;
I'll never again stake my heart upon one,
If I'm any way likely to loose.

Of sweethearts I've now twenty-nine—
Well, perhaps there *are* one or two more.
Some are cautious in flirting, and so *draw a line*,
But I'm never confined to a *score*.

Oh ! I *once* was a victim of love,
I never will be so again ;
I'm free from my fetters, and now far above
Dan Cupid's despotic domain.

ALL ABOUT IT.

WAL, maybe it happened as well !
 He war both bigger and bolder.
 I war—'twar better to tell—
 Skeery, and reached to his shoulder.
 He had the sass ov a lion,
 He war as rough as a bear,
 He war a Congress man's scion,
 And that goes down anywhere ;
 I war as shy as a rabbit,
 Jest like a school-miss in habit—
 But I'll improve when I'm older.

This war jest how it occurred :
 We three were talking together—
 Leastways, I said not a word
 'Cept on the beautiful weather.
 Hard fate ! could nothin' control it ?
 He had a flower in his coat,
 But she went for it and stole it,
 Then—the rest sticks in my throat—
 There was a rushin' and runnin',
 Then, in their foolin' and funnin'—
 Look, he has damaged her feather !

To sech a shy younker as I,
 I guess it war rather sore, mister,
 No sneak-away—half-on-the-sly—
 He out-and-out right away kissed her ;
 'Twar jest sich a smack as Petruchy
 Gave when he got married to Kate !
 An' all for the sake ov a fuchsia
 (A weed I'll eternally hate).

Of course she made plenty ov foolin',
 But I thought it war part ov her schoolin',
 So I chawed at my tongue and I bless'd her.

Ov course it war nothin' to me,
 For I war a peaceable critter ;
 But if it war honey to he,
 By thunder ! I tasted it bitter.
 So I ventured a quiet confession—
 While stric'ly admirin' his taste,
 I couldn't gush on his discretion,
 Nor say it war well timed or placed.
 But sez he, " You had better keep neuter,
 For, if I should play my six-shooter,
 You'd visit your mates on a litter ! "

Then somehow our talk wanted ile,
 For she war a trifle nigh flustered,
 And when *he* would get up a smile,
 I felt nigh as pleasant as mustard,
 For he war the bigger and bolder,
 And I had no talk in my face,
 But, if I'd 'a' spoke, I'd 'a' told her,
 As I war the best o' the brace.
 But, somehow, I never advised her,
 An' though I was riled when he spliced her,
 She's larruped him ever since cussed hard !



L O V E.

'TIS of love I will write, as has oft been my wont,
 For the fact is I don't feel at home when I don't.
 I remember of having a touch—once, I think—
 And since then I've distributed oceans of ink
 In rhyming, and raving, and praising sweet love,
 And calling my darlings—hem!—darling, a dove,
 And placing her so infinitely above
 All others that ever existed.

(Note)—Her hand was so small that a number one
 glove

Would be acres too large, I insisted ;
 Yet the charm of its touch
 Was decidedly such
 As could by no means be resisted.

Oh, love is a seed of which poetry's fruit,
 And barren the soil is where love won't take root ;
 And the bright poetising stream, Castaly's rill,
 Is the essence of true love from Helicon's "still."
 These facts I discovered when scarce in my prime,
 When, fevered in brain with the making of rhyme,
 I was brought by Peg. to an ethereal clime,
 And at Castaly fell to the drinking.
 The liquor was sweet, and in less than no time
 It gave me a new style of thinking,
 And the high-souled sublime
 Rushed in streams into rhyme,
 In melodious chinking and clinking.

You have heard of the famous philosopher's stone,
 For which sages spent ages and millions to own ;

How they ransacked and rummaged earth, water, and
 air,
 But it vain—it was not to be had anywhere.
 Do you know why their searches proved fruitless and
 vain,
 Though the fools stumbled o'er it again and again?
 Oh, you don't?—I'll endeavour to make it quite plain
 To your homely, mechanical senses,
 And will show, if they'd looked more to heart than to
 brain,
 Their profits had covered expenses ;
 But the fools were above
 The sweet influence of love,
 Which to every true poet immense is.

I must first tell a secret, one ne'er before known—
 Honour bright, now!—I once went in search of the
 stone,
 When I met with Dan Cupid, who gave me a shove
 With his elbow, and winked, "Were you ever in love?
 If you wish for true happiness, blessings untold,
 A joy *sans* alloy that can never grow old.
 The talisman turning all things into gold,
 Like those sages the wrong path you've strayed
 in.
 Go search for a mind of a virtuous mould,
 And the love of a pure-hearted maiden.
 Then Love you will own
 The philosopher's stone,
 With happiness crusted and laden."

If sickly my hopes of success were before,
 I now felt despairing, and almost gave o'er,
 And to all former prospects I bade a "Good-night ;"
 For my presence ne'er caused a maid's eye to grow
 bright.

Still, my heart is more bent upon gaining the stone,
 And once in the distance the priceless gem shone ;
 But, alas ! like a will-o'-the-wisp, it had flown
 Ere I carelessly tried to ensnare it ;
 And since then such wild, chaotic feelings I've known,
 For I fear that some other may wear it.
 But when next it may shine,
 You may swear 'twill be mine,
 And with no other mortal I'll share it.



LOVE AND CIRCUMSTANCE.

THERE is a music in my soul
 That riseth not to sound ;
 There is a poem in my heart
 That ne'er hath utt'rance found.
 There is a joy to sorrow kin
 That flutt'reth in my breast,
 Like caged bird a-struggling there—
 A dreamy, vague unrest.

Love needs but wake me from my trance—
 My soul with music rings ;
 Forth at the Wand of Circumstance
 The poem fleetly wings.
 And Love and Circumstance combined
 Shall make, or mar, or free
 The dreamy joy all undefined
 That dwelleth now in me.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY ! St. Valentine's Day !
 Now Spring hath returned, all Nature seems gay :
 The green buds are springing on hedge and on tree,
 And a green dewy mantle now covers the lea.
 The birds whistle tunes to the brooklet at play—
 All earth is rejoicing on Valentine's day.

St. Valentine's Day ! St. Valentine's Day !
 How many love-tokens now speed on their way ?
 Beats there a young heart leaps not at the name ?
 Live's there a soul, touched by love's tender flame,
 Doth not look forward, and anxiously pray
 For some tender love-*souvenir* on Valentine's Day ?

St. Valentine's Day ! St. Valentine's Day,
 And I'm sitting scribbling and writing away ;
 Yet never a postman doth come to my door,
 Though postmen disburthen themselves by the score
 At the door of my rival, Smith, over the way,
 Who may set up a stationer's this Valentine's day.

St. Valentine's Day ! St. Valentine's Day,
 And I should have sent one to that little fay—
 Miss What-d'ye-call her ? But what's that ? A knock ?
 A postman—a valentine !—hang it ! a mock.
 Folks must have more money than brains who would
 pay
 For rubbish like that for St. Valentine's Day.

St. Valentine's Day ! St. Valentine's Day !
 Your weak, foolish customs from henceforth away.
 When barren-brained idiots and weak-minded folks
 Play on their acquaintance such insipid jokes,
 More springs in a desert you'd find, I dare say,
 Than wit in the " mocks " of St. Valentine's Day.

A POET'S EXPERIENCES.

I'M one of that very unfortunate class
 Whose names would be scrolled on fame's pages,
 Had not all poetic ideas, alas!
 Been used up long ago in past ages.
 I've wasted my precious lifetime in rhyme—
 "Poetry" would be quite a misnomer;
 But I find all my lays, whether gay or sublime,
 To be musty and ancient as Homer.

My muse, when I first wrote, was still in the moult,
 Of the which there is many a token;
 My Pegasus was an ungainly young colt
 Who rampaged at freedom unbroken.
 My critics, whose pens were like surgical tools,
 Cut me up—vivisection 'twas clearly,
 They thought me a block, so, as people use stools,
 The rascals sat on me severely.

What need one expect from a wasp but a sting,
 From a flea but a bite? So, my burkers,
 Who were paid to garrotte those whom Nature bids
 sing,
 I considered but excellent workers.
 I read with contempt all their cynical sneers—
 (My genius I knew was but dawning);
 "When I gain the laurel, in two or three years,
 These rogues will be slavishly fawning."

So I mounted my Pegasus' back, but this time
 He had wings—most prodigious pinions—
 And he flew, through the hazy and mazy sublime,
 To the muse's celestial dominions.

But my critics attacked me worse than before,
 When to high thought I made no pretences ;
 They now all acknowledged I really *did* soar,
 But 'twas out of my lowly-roofed senses.

Well, I swallowed their poisons a hundred times o'er,
 Though my thoughts were not quite suicidal ;
 But I vowed I would ne'er try to please the knaves
 more,

But let Pegasus fly without bridle.
 My hopes of the "laurel" are now very slight,
 And no more public fame rhyme enhances,
 But still I continue to write out of spite,
 Just to please my own whimsical fancies.



THE POSY: ACROSTIC.

(WITH A MS. BOOK OF SELECTED POETRY.)

MINE was to gather for thee,
 Mine was a love-lightened task—
 'Tis over, and now all I ask
 Is as guest to thy kind memory.
 Full many a flower has my garland—
 Pale lilies of tenderest thought,
 A peeping forget-me-not,
 Exotics nursed in a far land
 Here have I lovingly brought,
 With roses, each eagerly sought,
 Gathered by ways that were weary,
 Gathered on nights that were dreary,
 Cull'd in their sweetness for thee,
 Say, wilt thou keep them for me?

YOUNG KATE.

AIR—"I won'er wha'll be my man "

HECH, me! my wits ha'e gane agec
 (That's if I e'er had ony),
 I've tint them owre a lassie's e'e,
 Sae bricht, sae blue, and bonnie.
 Since first I felt her witchin' poo'er,
 Sic chinge on time I've seen it,
 Frae her—ilk meenit seems an 'oor,
 Wi' her—ilk 'oor a meenit.

Chorus.

Oh, my charming, sweet Kate,
 My pretty, witty, neat Kate ;
 For sterling worth, there's no' on earth
 A lassie wha can beat Kate.

Her hair sae fair, sae rich, and rare,
 Fa's doon on ilka shouter ;
 Her sparklin' e'e, sae bricht tae see,
 Flames hearts like match on pouter.
 Her ruby mou', sae sweet, I troo,
 Made less for speech than kissin' ;
 Whae'er may gain her for his ain
 Will win life's greatest blessin'.

Oh, my bonnie queen, Kate,
 Wi' dancin', glancin' een, Kate ;
 Whae'er in life wins thee for wife
 Is doubly blest, I ween, Kate.

But, oh, my case is very sad ;
 I'm no the only suitor.
 What gin she took anither lad ?
 I'd hae tae gang without her.
 Oh dear ! the horrid, dreadfu' thocht
 Fu' aften gars me shiver ;
 But, hoots ! there's razors tae be bocht—
 There's water in the river.

Oh, my darling rare Kate,
 My smilin', wilin', fair Kate,
 For you I'd dae as weel man may,
 An' maybe raither mair, Kate.

The sage's lear, the miser's gear,
 The poet's fame and laurels,
 For her I'd tine, gin they were mine,
 The happiest o' carles.
 Gin Kate wad gi'e her hand tae me,
 Tae share life's cares sae weighty,
 Nor king nor queen I'd ca' my freen',
 If only blest wi' Katie.

Oh, my merry young Kate,
 Wi' silv'ry laugh and tongue, Kate ;
 While I've a throat tae screich a note,
 Thy praises shall be sung, Kate.



TATTIES AN' SAUT HERRIN'.

AIR—"St. Patrick was a Gentleman."

LAST Wansday e'enin' after "screw,"
 Whan a' oor scores were settled ;
 Tae ha'e a burst, get aiblins fou'
 An' sport oorsel's we ettled.
 Tae Russell's we gaed every ane,
 For chairges naethin' carin',
 Like lords we bauldly ordered in
 Some tatties an' saut herrin'.

But, hech ! the herrin' were sae saut,
 Wi' drouth oor gills were chokin' ;
 Quo' ane "We'd better ha'e some maut
 Oor thirsty gabs tae slocken."

Syne wi' a pint we did an'int
 Oor stoorie, weazen'd whussles,
 Syne every chiel a sang did squeel
 Clean aff the reel at Russell's.
 An' noos, an' thans, 'mang clinkin' cans
 A toast ye nicht discern—
 A' in the room their glasses toom
 Tae "TATTIES AN' SAUT HERRIN' !"

For hech ! the herrin' were sae saut,
 Without ae word o' jokin',
 We needed baith the yill an' maut
 Oor stoorie pipes tae slocken.

A henchman o' Lord Beaconsfield,
 Some drucken *gibb'*rish mumbled,

Syne up upon a chair he spieled,
But quicker faur he tumbled.
There on the fluir he'd plenty scope
For sprauchlin', an' declarin'
His wish that Gladstone an' the Pope
Were treated like saut herrin'.

For hech! the herrin' were sae saut,
The chiel was nearly boakin',
An' politics are waur than maut,
A' true politeness chokin'.

Then some began tae spout an' blaw,
An' some at sangs were roarin',
While ithers lay again' the wa',
Or 'neath the table snorin'.
But hoo I managed hame mysel',
My fegs! I've yet tae learn—
But lichten'd purse did plainly tell
O' tatties an' saut herrin'.

For hech! their herrin' were sae saut,
My pouch bears ready token ;
Whan neist I want a drap o' maut,
Wi' them I'll hae nae trokin'.



*THE RIVETER'S WELL.**

AIR—"Imphm."

FRAE the breist o' a rock in a lown, bonnie dell,
 Whaur the burnie rins wimplin' an' croonin' along,
 An' the bird frae abune sings it cheeriest sang,
 Springs the bonnie wee fountain, the Riveter's Well.
 Springs the sweetest wee fountain,
 The purest wee fountain,
 The coolest wee fountain, the Riveter's Well.

There Beauty for lang like a hermit did dwell,
 Till Love, the young rover, cam' by her retreat
 As she sat a' alane, sae his mou' he did weat
 At the clear springin' fountain, the Riveter's Well—
 At the caller wee fountain,
 The charmin' wee fountain,
 He preed o' the charm o' the Riveter's Well.

"Oh, Beauty," quo' Cupid, "by hillside an' fell,
 By loch and and by muirland, I've searched faur an'
 wide
 For a glint o' your e'e, till I cam' tae the Clyde,
 An' I waunert by chance tae the Riveter's Well—
 To the cantie wee fountain,
 The dautit wee fountain—
 We'll bide evermair by the Riveter's Well."

Sae sin syne, as oor faithers an' auld gutchers tell,
 They've keepit their beild in the winsome wee glen ;
 An' whaur is the wooer that doesna weel ken
 O' the trystin' at e'en by the Riveter's Well?—
 By the dearest wee fountain,
 The croonin' wee fountain ;
 Oh, love is the sang o' the Riveter's Well.

* The Glen, Port-Glasgow.

THE LASSIE'S LAMENT.

MY heart is sair, I kenna why,
 I'm tauld I want for naething ;
 I've a' the pleasures gowd can buy—
 Ay, a' things but the a'e thing.
 I feel a want I canna name,
 That gowd nae cure can gi'e me :
 I awn I ha'e been sair tae blame—
 But why did Jamie lea' me ?

Oh ! hard's the pairt I ha'e tae bear,
 My sighs I'm ever checkin' ;
 I force a careless, lauchin' air,
 Tae hide the heart that's breakin'.
 At e'en I wander through the glen,
 Whaur Jamie used tae see me ;
 And dream owre vows he whispered then,
 Ere ance he thocht tae lea' me.

My thochts aye settle on the nicht
 That, doon beside the river,
 And in the pale mune's clear blue licht,
 Saw us twa pairt for ever.
 And aye sin' syne I tell my heart
 I care nae mair for Jamie,
 Yet whiles the tears unbidden start
 Tae think he e'er could lea' me.

My heart wad ca' the laddie back—
 Wad ca' him back tae woo me ;
 But, oh ! I'm sairly on the rack,
 My pride will ne'er alloo me.
 Yestreen the laird cam' owre the brae,
 And forced a promise frae me ;
 Oh, heart ! what could a lassie dae ?—
 Why did my Jamie lea' me ?

L O V E ' S R A S H N E S S .

I.—THE LAST CRY.

The shallop of my peace is wrecked
On Beauty's shore ;
Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile,
And then no more !

— *Clarence Mangan, from the German of Friedrich Rueckert.*

A WEARY watcher of the night by Sorrow's sullen sea,
And captive of the tyrant Care, by love's harsh
destiny,
I've sighed, and uncomplaining sighed, and cherished
all my pain,
And thought were I to lose my all for thee were noble
gain.
With scarce a gleam to lead me on, I willed not to
be free,
And for my fetters, bitter-sweet, scorned loveless
liberty.
Oh, sweet, thou well-spring of my pain, thou vision of
delight !
Canst thou now quench the last pale ray that cheers
my dreary night ?

Time was, the palace of my mind was peopled with
rich guests,
Fair hopes, delusive flatterers, the wreckers of fond
breasts ;
Now whether they be changed or dead, their ghosts
alone I see,
And they but seem to scorn and gibe and mock my
misery.

The opium-draught of love is o'er with pleasure in its train ;
 I wake, but ah ! this life can never seem so fair again !
 Ah, cruel queen ! 'tis harsh reward thy inner soul must tell,
 My only crime, thou knowest, sweet,—my loving thee so well !

Had I not dreamt when first those eyes of beauty thrilled me through
 That in their melting light I'd found a sympathy as true
 As ever man's love-longing heart might crave, I had not then
 Resolved to gain thee for mine own against a thousand men.
 But, if thy spirit willeth, I have offered all in vain,
 Then never shall my pleadings vex or flatter thee again !
 'Twere best my life a wreck upon the rock of Truth should be,
 Than tossed in Doubt's Charybdis, syren-led by love to thee !

It may be in the after years when we no more may meet,
 Thy heart shall hunger after love, shall hunger and entreat :
 Ah, then, I pray a loving God shall shower in wealth on thee
 What thou, His creature, simple maid, hast all denied to me ;
 For ah, 'twere Sorrow's sharpest sting, all other taunts above,
 To know thee crucified as I, by unrequited love.
 Farewell ! forget me if thou wilt—be from reproaches free ;

My constant prayer to heaven shall rise for peace and joy to thee!

II.—FOUND DROWNED.

The ruddy-golden morning sun is dancing on the Thames,
 The leaves with very weight of dew, are bowing down the stems ;
 The lark in rapt'rous gush of song, the early stillness breaks,
 And Earth from Night's reposeful couch to freshened life awakes.
 Low-bending o'er the river's banks to woo the stately stream
 The yearning trees stretch forth their arms, like lovers in a dream ;
 The dew-gems on the flow'ret's brow gleam brighter than the crown,
 And in the smoke-wrapt distance loom the spires of London town.

Oh! could there be on such a morn but calm repose and rest
 Unto the minds of weary men, but joy to every breast?
 Could Sin and Misery and Woe, and shuddering dark Despair
 Have place in such a peaceful scene, exist on such an air?
 Alas! alas! the son of man may rise to such a morn
 And all Earth's life and beauty seem but mockery and scorn ;
 A cruel fate, like gibing fiend, hath made his prospects dim,
 Sing on, ye birds! shine out, O sun! ye have no charm
for him.

Say, what is that that slowly floats upon the flowing
 tide?
 Two watermen have out their boats, they drag it to
 the side ;
 The streaming hair they gently brush from off that
 pallid face,
 Now clammy, chill, and motionless, once full of light
 and grace.
 Ah, rude-lived watermen, ye sigh, for ye are fathers
 both,
 There's more of charity than sin breathed in that
 pitying oath !
 Then tenderly they bear her off—a note is on her
 found—
 A coroner and jury sit, and wisely say, “ Found
 drowned.”

“ Found drowned !”—but how? Ah, earth has fools
 whose hasty actions are
 More fraught with evil seed than those more criminal
 by far ;
 “ Found drowned,” because in quick despair she read
 a fool's complaint,
 That she had dallied with his love, then held him in
 restraint.
 “ Found drowned,” because her woman's heart loved
 more than she could show,
 And dread of self-created gulfs had caused her bitter
 woe.
 “ Found drowned !” Rash youth, *you* drove her to 't,
 whose life she would have crowned,
 But ever in your ears shall ring those fateful words,
 “ Found drowned !”



THAT BLOOMING ORCHARD.

AWAKE, my muse, that I the lyre
 With digits deft may finger,
 With subtle art and frenzied fire,
 A poet and a singer ;
 And though the wise may criticise
 My rhymes in words that scorch hard,
 I'll sing the praises of Dalguise,
 And Charlie's blooming orchard.

'Tis said, when this old world was young,
 Our ancient Father Adam
 With Eve spoke in the Gaelic tongue,
 And "*Fheuch e rithist*"* she bade him,
 When, yielding to the Prince of Lies,
 The fruit they tried, indeed, in
 That blooming orchard at Dalguise,
 Then only known as Eden.

And so to expiate his guilt,
 Poor Adam, when convicted,
 With nothing but his fig-rigged kilt,
 From Eden was evicted.
 So thus it was in days of eld
 As thus it was till lately,
 They wore the kilt around Dunkeld
 And spoke the Gaelic greatly.

But time sped on ; six thousand years
 Marched past in long procession ;

* *Pronounced* " Feach a reesht." Anglice, " Try it again."

Now Charlie, jolly soul, appears,
 Of Eden in possession.
 And here he means to ruralise—
 Not wildly burn life's torch hard ;
 But feast his eyes on fair Dalguise,
 And tend his blooming orchard.

Sing on, my muse, and be it told
 How, in the summer early,
 Blythe Heiné and Philotas bold
 A visit paid to Charlie.
 And as they drove beyond Dunkeld
 Dalguise-ward in their glory,
 "A fairer scene they ne'er beheld,"
 Nor dreamt in song or story.

How blithely sped the merry hours
 Is far beyond my telling,
 Afoot, afield, or in the showers
 In Charlie's happy dwelling ;
 How rich the fare and feasting there—
 The jest and merry laughter,
 If rightly rhymed, I boldly swear
 'Twould make a bard's hereafter.

Oh, merry day in merry May !
 Oh, merry host, and Mary !
 Both Heiné and Philotas say
 Till crossing Charon's Ferry
 The love of you and fair Dalguise
 Will in their breasts be nurtured
 (Excuse the rhyme for one who tries
 To clink with "blooming orchard").



REJECTED.

ONCE on a time there lived a maid
 Who pranks upon her lover played,
 And often sore perplexed his wits
 By sudden and capricious fits—
 Now gay and free, then shy and coy
 Creating pain or giving joy,
 Just as it pleased her fleeting whim,
 Nor seemed to care a jot for him ;
 Nor did she think it an offence
 To make a joke at his expense,
 Until at length the amorous youth
 Determined to find out the truth,
 And end at once his piteous state
 By asking bravely of his fate.
 One day, as he did sweetly woo her,
 He gently "popped the question" to her.
 She laughed, and then she shook her head—
 "Why, George, you're but a boy!" she said ;
 Says George, "I'm old enough—I'm twenty,
 And then my 'screw,' I think, is plenty—
 You know, I've eighty pounds a-year."
 "Is that all, George? Why, then, I fear
 You'd ne'er be able to support
 A dashing lady of my sort.
 I must to parties, balls, and spees,
 And theatres, also, as I please ;
 So, George, we never can be wed,
 For you're too poor for that," she said.
 Refused thus by his heart's desire,
 Poor George cried out, "My brain's on fire!"
 "Why, then," said she, "you stupid lout,
Why don't you go and blow it out?"

SUNFLOWER SYMPHONY.

A WILD(E) ATTEMPT AFTER SWINBURNE.

I sigh for the midnight hush
 Of the antediluvian pipe,
 And the mellowing notes of the winnowing cloud
 In luscious clusters ripe.

And I breathe on the fragrant zone
 The sighs of the liquid gale,
 And I hear on the echoes of ages to be
 The salad's despairing wail.

It strikes on the loitering heart
 Like the cataract's drowsy glare,
 And it sinks like a vulture in hydrogen gas
 On the superabundant air.

For oh! were I under the sky
 Of a trochaic, carbon clime,
 I'd cull the sweet flower of the pale spondee
 With oxygen blooming in prime.

I'd bask in the threadless mists
 Of the lynx of ephemeral noon,
 And I'd stem the fierce vortex of alcohol tube
 In a languidly vertical June.

But ah! it shall never be mine
 In the conical spheres of the pole,
 And my days shall in multiple-poinding pass
Gyrating my inward soul!

LONGINGS.

STILL am I longing
 For days that may be,
 And wild hopes are thronging,
 And throb in my breast.
 Neglecting the present,
 That well might be pleasant,
 Were my spirit but free
 From the longing unrest.
 Ah, me! this terrible gnawing and yearning
 That robs me of rest.

Strangely the feeling
 Within me is stirred,
 The deep bell's slow pealing,
 The night's solemn hush,
 Steal o'er me, awaking
 The longing and aching. .
 The song of the bird
 From treetop or bush—
 Sorely my spirit is filled with the hymning
 Of blackbird and thrush.

Still am I wishing
 To flee from to-day,
 I picture my mission,
 My joy and my life
 In futurity gleaming ;
 The while I am dreaming
 My young life away :
 My heart, full of strife,
 Wrestling with shadows that people the dreaming
 In youth's noonday rife.

Spirit of yearning
 And longing unrest !
 Dimly discerning
 The goal of thy sighs !

THE POETS SWEETHEART.

I'M a poet ; this I tell you just through fear you
mightn't find

That such I am by my erratic ravings at the present ;
I would also say that, when I'm in a lucid state of
mind,

And in the vein, my rhymes are rather humorous
and pleasant.

So much, then, for a preface, now I must apologise

For intruding in my present wild and rambling sort
of fashion,

But I lately fell a victim to a pair of azure eyes,

And now for once in all my life I feel the tender
passion.

The beauty of those liquid eyes no words can e'er ex-
press ;

Our language is too barren to give adequate de-
scription,

So fraught with thought, yet merriment, of love and
tenderness—

More expressive than the dark eye of Italian or
Egyptian—

Those eyes so full of mischief, yet so innocent withal
(And yet full oft pervaded with a mild and gentle
sadness),

Whose strange, magnetic witchery has held my heart
in thrall—

Can by their merry twinkle thrill my heart with
sudden gladness.

The name of their fair owner I am not inclined to state.

'Tis sacred ; and if e'er I told, I ne'er would be for-
given.

Suffice't to say 'tis either Jeanie, Mary, Meg, or Kate ;

And her age is—rather over twelve, and under
twenty-seven.

Her height is—truly I don't know, but gravely I opine
'Tis just that of perfection—'tis, in feet and inches,
rather
Over four-feet-six, and somewhat under five-feet-nine ;
And her father is—excuse me—hem!—her father is
—her father.

I was going to sketch her features, but I'm sensible
my pen
Is unable to do justice to that all-important duty.
Suffice't to say she's set aflame the hearts of all the
men,
And the ladies all who know her are quite jealous
of her beauty ;
Her cheeks are like pale roses—not the common
vulgar red—
With a skin as fair's the lily—only warmer in com-
plexion—
With a wealth of hair the silkiest ere graced a pretty
head,
And a tempting Cupid's portal which most strongly
needs protection.

I've a mind to sound her father, but I am so very poor
(For Poetry and Poverty go hand-in-hand together),
If I hinted my intentions on the subject, I am sure
His answer would be an attempt to change my skin
to leather.
So therefore I must stand aback and spin my bootless
rhyme,
And sing in frenzied raptures of the grace of all her
features,
Whilst I pine in secret anguish : I swear poverty's a
crime
That throws a gulf between me and the prettiest of
creatures.

A POETS PARTIALITIES.

LET the tippler and the smoker sing in praise of glass
 and pipe,
 And laud in song the luxuries to which they're
 most inclined,
 But my pleasures and my joys are of a widely different
 type—
 They're the quieter and purer sweet enjoyments of
 the mind.

At evening when my work is o'er retirement I seek,
 And, hermit like, seclude myself in some sequestered
 nook—
 From worldly cares and life's affairs I'm rescued, so to
 speak,
 When I plunge myself into the depths of some en-
 grossing book.

The bacchanal will vainly seek for pleasure in his wine,
 And gets instead an aching head, and sadly muddled
 brain.

And the smoker but indulges in a weed that clouds
 the mind
 When he seeks to soothe his spirits and recruit
 himself again.

Whilst I have but one luxury, refreshing and amusing,
 Nor wine nor weed for me—indeed, such things I
 ne'er could brook—
 But I feel a calm delight the while intently I'm per-
 using
 The wondrous Lore from Learning's store that's
 buried in a book.

Nor yet do I take great delight in dancing, nor in balls,
 All fashionable follies I regard with sovereign scorn ;
 Nor pleasure-plaguing friends by making kind, in-
 cessant calls,
 To bore them with my silly chat from early eve till
morn.

For all my choice companions are arranged upon my shelves,
Tho' some are torn, with binding worn, I value not
by looks ;
For books outwardly and inwardly resemble much
ourselves,
Oft we behold much outside gold on very sorry
books.

Let Fashion's tide flow as it may and Folly bear the
bells,
Let drinkers drink and smokers smoke and say it
soothes the mind—

Give me a book ; as soothing balm I find that it excels,
Philosophically throwing all my troubles to the
wind.

What more amusement can man wish, if he be mirth
inclined,

Than the racy rhymes of Barham, or the wit of
Hood and Hook ?

As dew to flowers, their happy jests refresh the wearied
mind,

When jaded with our worldly cares we grasp the
merry book.

I envy not the gilded pomp the world can give to men,
For men of state or worldly great I do not care a
jot ;

Contentedly I'd live my life away from world's ken,
An I had for companions books of poetry and
thought.

And then the world might wag as it had never done
before ;

Its frivolities, and vagaries, and follies I'd overlook.
I'd create a world of my own, and people't o'er and
o'er

With bright pictures of my fancy drawn from each
inspiring book.

VINGT-ET-UN.

I.

I'M growing old, I'm growing sage,
 For wisdom cometh with our age—
 I bid farewell to fun ;
 I look with horror on the joke
 Which only yesternight I spoke,
 For *now* I'm twenty-one.

For, ah, with shame be it confessed,
 I oft descended unto jest,
 Yea, worse, to meanest pun ;
 But giddy head and supple tongue
 Are faults inherent to the young
 Who are not twenty-one.

Stupendous thought ! last evening saw
 The "infant" in the eye of law,
 Yet ere Night's reign had done,
 Changed was the "infant" to the man ;
 Look at his stalwart figure—scan
 The form of twenty-one !

II.

I've reached the longed-for goal to-day,
 Which seemed so fair when far away,
 When gilt by Fancy's sun ;
 But now mine eyes are looking back
 To brighter specks upon the track
 That led to twenty-one.

How fair and smooth the way at first,
 Then rough—now worse—but, ah, the worst
 Is hardly yet begun.
 The road that leads to dim Beyond
 Is often crossed by Slough Despond,
 Ay, e'en at twenty-one.

The smoother past, and what has been,
 We know—we have already seen,
 Though parts we still would shun ;
 But what the mists of future veil
 Would make the stoutest-hearted quail
 At hopeful twenty-one.

Oh, Hope, man's strength in time of need,
 We'll brave the mists an thou wilt lead,
 And be our guide, our sun ;
 Nor let the shades of future ill
 Check the aspiring impulse, chill
 The heart of twenty-one.

III.

Come, Hope, though thou hast often played
 Ambition false, I claim thine aid,
 Though constancy thou'st none.
 Thou'rt but Delusion gaily dressed,
 A kind deceiver at the best,
 Who flirts with twenty-one.

For, ah ! at twelve you whispered me,
 Of what a wondrous man I'd be
 When nine more years had run.
 Ah ! cruel Hope, to flatter so,
 Time passed—and *now*—I only know
 That I am twenty-one.

OH! LADY FAIR.

OH! lady fair,
 Hear me, I swear,
 My days are spent in sighing ;
 I've grown so thin,
 My bones and skin
 Are wasting to their rest.
 I tear my hair,
 I sackcloth wear,
 I meditate on dying,
 I've glanced o'er all Death's agents, but I don't know
 which is best.

I pray thee part
 With my poor heart,
 And let it cease to languish ;
 Since it has gone,
 More than a stone
 I've lost in my light weight,
 And in its stead
 A stone like lead
 Vibrates to my great anguish ;
 So pray restore what you no more at any value rate.

And, lady fair !
 That lock of hair—
 For it I also crave thee ;
 My simple rhymes,
 Which oftentimes
 Had pleased thy willing ear—
 Each billet doux
 I sent to you—
 The kisses sweet I gave thee,
 On which you'd best pay interest, say five per cent.
per year.

And, be so kind,
 My peace of mind
 And rebel thoughts bestow me.
 My photograph—
 You needn't laugh—
 For once you prized it much,
 Since that true love,
 The which above
 All other things you owe me,
 You still deny, although I try your wily heart to touch.

When these have I,
 I'll gladly die
 By railway, rope, or water ;
 Or with a knife
 I'll end my life
 As you may so dictate.
 I've poison bought,
 I've pistol shot,
 With which to do the slaughter,
 So state just now the manner how you wish to end
 my fate.

Nay, do not think
 That I would shrink,
 Nor for one moment falter ;
 I seek my doom,
 For dark-cloaked Gloom
 Has caught me in his clutch.
 Speak unto me—
 Say, shall it be
 The halter or the altar?
 The *latter* ! hang it all, I'm glad it turned out as such.



THE PRISONER OF NANTES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN Nantes, as once befell, boys,
 Within a prison cell, boys,
 A gallant prisoner lay

One day—

(Sing falluron falluray tay)

A jovial prisoner lay

One day.

(Sing falluron falluray.)

And not a soul came near him
 To speak to him or cheer him,
 But a maiden fair to cheer—

The dear!

(Sing falluron falluray tay)

The jailer's daughter to cheer—

The dear!

(Sing falluron falluray.)

The jailer's pretty daughter
 Would bring his bread and water,
 The regulation fare

'Twas there

(Sing falluron falluray tay)

He charmèd with the *fair*

Was there.

(Sing falluron falluray.)

Nor felt the maiden loathing
 To bring him change of clothing,
 And for his sake she'd rub

And scrub—

(Sing falluron falluray tay)

His linen she would rub
 And scrub.
 (Sing falluron falluray.)

One day as he did woo her
 He gaily said unto her—
 "What news of me do you hear,
 My dear?"
 (Sing falluron falluray tay)
 "My sentence did you hear,
 My dear?"
 (Sing falluron falluray.)

"The news runs through the city,"
 Said she, with tears of pity,
 "As to-morrow the town-bells ring
 You'll swing"—
 (Sing falluron falluray tay)
 "As your sad death-knell they ring
 You'll swing."
 (Sing falluron falluray.)

"If to-morrow I'm to die, love,
 I'd much prefer to fly, love,
 So loosen my hands and feet,
 My sweet—
 (Sing falluron falluray tay)
 The chains from off my feet,
 My sweet."
 (Sing falluron falluray.)

His roguish eye it met hers,
 She loosened then his fetters,
 His hands and feet she freed
 Indeed—
 (Sing falluron falluray tay)
 She proved a friend in need
 Indeed.
 (Sing falluron falluray.)

He kissed the jailer's daughter,
 Then plunged into the water,
 But though a swimmer brave
 The wave—

(Sing falluron falluray tay)
 Nigh proved unto the knave
 A grave.

(Sing falluron falluray.)

But once more plunging under,
 To her delight and wonder
 He swam the running tide
 So wide—

(Sing falluron falluray tay)
 He crossed to t'other side
 The tide.

(Sing falluron falluray.)

Once on the shore light skipping,
 He danced though drenched and dripping,
 And, oh! how merrilee
 Sang he—

(Sing falluron falluray tay)
 A hearty song of glee
 Sang he.

(Sing falluron falluray.)

“God bless the pretty maidens,”
 He sang in joyous cadence,
 “Be the jailer's daughter blest
 The best—

(Sing falluron falluray tay)
 May she above the rest
 Be blest.”

(Sing falluron falluray.)

If I return to Nantes, boys,
 To view my ancient haunts, boys,

I'll marry that maiden fair,
 I swear—
 (Sing falluron falluray tay)
 With the jailer's daughter I'll pair,
 I swear,
 (Sing falluron falluray.)

*MINNIE, DEAR.*

AROUND the west ceased glowing,
 Minnie, dear,
 The shades of eve are growing,
 Minnie, dear,
 The autumn winds are sighing,
 My inner heart replying,
 For Hope is sick and dying,
 Minnie, dear.

Dark shadows hover o'er me,
 Minnie, dear,
 Blank future glooms before me,
 Minnie, dear,
 Thou wast my heart's queen only,
 Love pleading at thy throne lay—
 Now all is dark and lonely,
 Minnie, dear.

The dreams we fondly cherished,
 Minnie, dear,
 Like early blooms have perished,
 Minnie, dear,
 Now, from our spell awaking,
 Though bitter the leave-taking,
 'Twere best, though hearts are breaking,
 Minnie, dear.

SONNETS.

TO JOHN L. KELLY, AUCKLAND, N. Z.,

*Author of "The Princess Pomare," "Tahiti," "Memorie Amoris,"
etc.*

WITH Song's flower-wreath my mem'ry would entwine
 Our last good-bye that stilly night in May,
 In that old year lost in the past for aye.
 How bright, how jewel-frosted was the shine
 (Like diamonds in the depths of darkest mine)
 Of those sad, silent stars that glittering lay
 On calm Night's ebon front in bright array,
 Like hopes within that troubled breast of thine!
 How slow we were—how sorrowful to part!
 What strength and passion in our clasped hands!
 How soul-searching each eye! how wild each heart
 With pain but the bereaved one understands!
 Health-wrecked thou sail'dst, and little didst thou
 dream,
 Though exiled, joy and fame would on thee beam.

TO GEORGE MURRAY, GLASGOW,

Author of "A Bunch of Shamrocks."

SWEET minstrel of that Island in the West,
 Whose page historic through seven hundred years
 Is blurred and blistered by both blood and tears,
 Thy soul tumultuous in thy throbbing breast
 Hath sung of Erin, cruelly oppressed,
 Her joys and sorrows, budding hopes and fears.
 Or, moved by Love, sweet strains to gentler ears,
 Hath sung like bird to mate within its nest.
 With thee, how oft beneath thy genial roof
 In laughter-loving jest have sped the hours,
 Thy wit a buckler, 'gainst all sallies proof,
 Thy heart as fresh as early April's flowers!
 Love in thy breast is boundless as the sea,
 Oh, may thy friends prove equal wealth to thee!

TO HENRY DRYERRE, BLAIRGOWRIE,

Author of "Love Idylls, etc."

MAGICIAN thou of music's subtle power,
 How sweetly tender is thy poesy
 Clad in rich robes of melting melody,
 How blest thou art in these twin gifts for dower!
 Could I but paint the mem'ry of a flower
 To conjure up fond dreams of days gone by,
 To cheer a weary brother, oft would I
 With pride recall that care-relieving hour.
Thou thinkest not of good that thou hast done,
 But ever urging on to newer flights
 Thy fancy waketh us to fresh delights,
 Our ear and sense to thy sweet spell are won—
 Love is thy theme, the mainspring of thine art,
 Oh, may thy meed be love from every heart!

TO DAVID HEPBURN, LONDON,

Author of "The Kaylie," "The Death of Love," etc.

FAIN would my heart, could it inspire my pen,
 Proclaim our bond of changeless brotherhood,
 And own thy love that every trial withstood
 In storm that would have severed other men.
 With thee I tread the city's streets again,
 And list thy mind's out-pourings beauty-rife,
 That with volcanic strength leap into life,
 With the old pride and pleasure now as then.
 What seas of thought have surged between us two
 Since we communed together, side by side!
 Though comet-like thy mind was, yet thy pride
 Ne'er blinded thee to counsels just and true.
Then I foresaw the giant thou might'st be,
 And future years shall prove that truth in thee.

THE CURSE OF DRUMFAD:

A LEGEND OF THE FANNET GHOST.

AV coorse you've heard tell av the Fannet Ghost,
For the tricks that it played are the oul' folks' boast,
But there's very few roun' about now can tell
Who put on the *speedh*,* or who laid the spell.

Sit down by the fire and light your pipe—
It's well in the year whin the corn is ripe ;
An' it's far in the day whin our work is done,
But winter an' night brings the time for fun.

Go, Paddy, agra,† an' shut the doore,
An' see that the boult is all secure ;
An' Cassy, I think you had best a'most
Just stir up the fire to scar' the ghost.

Musha,‡ yes, it's as true, sor, as I've been toul'
By oul' Widdy Gallagher, rest her sowl !
It haunted the people by night and by day,
Puttin' soot in their broth an' big onions in tay.

The raison—God sev' us!—av all this spell,
Or why it began, feth! it's hard till tell ;
But I'll tell't as the oul' Widdy toul' it to me—
Oh, the divil a lie!—it's as true as can be !

Well, there wance lived a priest, Father Flynn was his
name,
By all tokens a wonderful man was that same,
With his healin' the sick an his curin' the lame.

* An evil spell. † *A-gradh*—my love. ‡ Indeed.

Och ! his lake wasn't known
 Throughout all Innishowen, (12)
 Fannet, Tearmin, the Rosses, or Glencolumbkille ;
 But so quare in his ways,
 No one felt at his aise,
 For his Riv'rance as well's doin' good could work ill.
 So iv'ry wan feared him, but laked him as well,
 For the needy and poor
 Nivir passed by his doore
 But they got what scared hunger, and more to be shure.
 An' his smile was so bright
 When the people did right,
 But see him in rows, or a "fair" faction fight !—
 Och, his dark eye wad blaze
 An' he'd throw at his aise
 The best av the boys, an' before you'd say " Pays !"
 The whole fair wid jist be as quet* as you please.

But a farmer there lived in the town av Drumfad, †
 Some said he was good an' some said he was bad,
 But whether or no'
 We may let that much go.
 But I think with the widdy, the crettur, oul' Marjey,
 It's rether ondacent to fecht wi' the clargy.
 But the farmer, the sowl, was as thravn as a mule,
 An' the priest he was always a-taizin'
 (For—sevin' your presence !—his name was O'Toole,
 An' he didn't know rhyme nor raison),
 Till wan day for somethin' his Riv'rance had done
 O'Toole went to shoot him, an' tuk' up a gun,
 But somehow the primin' was bad,
 So he shot aff his fingers, so then the priest,
 Who didn't seem scar'd nor consarned in the least,
 Pronounced THE CURSE OF DRUMFAD.

" You'll be sorry for this now !" the priest began—

* quiet. † *Druimjhada*, a long ridge.—Joyce.

“ You’ll be sorry for this now, my dacent man,
 An’ the coorses you’ve been purshuin’ ;
 For a tarrible spell
 On your house’ll dwell,
 An’ until you repent an’ are doin’ right well,
 It’ll be your murther an’ ruin !”

Well, the priest went away,
 An’ from that very day
 The ghost took up house in Drumfad ;
 The hair stud on en’
 Av both women an’ men,
 You’d ’ave thocht ’twas the divil gone mad.
 If Mrs O’Toole
 Made to sit on a stool,
 ’Twid fly right directly above her ;
 An’ if Bridget, the miss,
 Was expectin’ a kiss,
 A rat stuck in the teeth of her lover.
 An’ as for a candle
 They nivir could handle
 The weeniest skeedyin* at night ;
 For the ghost, shure, was death on’t,
 An’ blew his cowl’ breath on’t,
 An’ murdered them clean wi’ the fright.
 When they *did* go to bed,
 ’Twas as cowl’, troth, as lead,
 But they weren’t alone there naythur ;
 When they wance ventured in
 Somethin’ cowl’ touched their skin,
 For the ghost—sorra all else ’twas—lay there.

Och ! but O’Toole was in a plight !
 Murdered by day—murdered by night ;
 Naythur work, nor rest, nor wink,
 Naythur eat, nor sleep, nor drink,

* *Skeedyin*, something very small or insignificant.

Naythur talk, nor read, nor pray,
 For joultin', thumpin', all the day,
 The restless spalpeen av a ghost
 Was nivir idle at his post.

He cut the lady's gown av silk,
 Spoiled the butter, soured the milk,
 An' gave the *poteen** such a scar'
 That not a *deawr*† was in the jar.
 He'd milk the cows within the byre,
 An' whin the pot was on the fire

For brochan or for tay,
 Afore they could be half aware
 He'd stuff it full av soot an' hair,
 Then let them sup that may.

Hare soup is fine, I'm toul', at laste
 When it's well *suitet* to the taste,
 But heth ! the O'Tooles had lavin's ;
 An' if they settled milk for crame,
 It changed, lake some tormentin' dhrame,
 To dirty soap-sud shavin's.

The pritta craps
 Grew all to taps,
 An' where good corn was planted
 Big thrissels grew,
 An' bendweeds to,
 Becaz they wor enchanted.

Iviry day the tarrible curse
 Was growin' the wickeder an' worse ;
 The very chaney an' the delf
 Danced jigs in cupboard an' on shelf ;
 The peats flew through the house, an' whack
 Came *palthogue*‡ on the farmer's back,
 An' if he stopped to take a drink
 The water turned as black as ink,

* Illicit spirits. † Pronounced d'yawhr—a drop, the dregs.

‡ *Palthogue*—a blow.

Then, if he'd try the oul' *poteen*,
 'Twid lave the glass an' ne'er be seen,
 For shurely *spirits* have the might
 To vanish from our mortal sight.

To poor O'Toole it was no joke,
 He couldn't drink, nor even smoke,
 Becaz his pipe it always broke,
 So he was sick lamentin' ;
 But though the curse on oul' Drumfad
 Had druv the *bodach** nearly mad,
 He wasn't for repentin'.

Well, I needn't tell more av the tricks the ghost played,
 For fear I'd be tellin' a lie ;
 But could I half tell you the fun that it made,
 By goxty ! you'd laugh till you'd die !
 But wan mornin' O'Toole got a letter by post
 Wi' an offer to redd him for life av the ghost
 From the pen av some hardy Freemasons,—
 “ *We'll* do you the job, an' *we'll* settle the spell,
 We'll wrastle him out, an' we'll sen' him to—well
 To where he'll be put through his facin's !”

Well, the Masons gathered
 An' were well *mulvathered*†
 With many a *pogue*‡ from the *cruiskeen lawn*. §
 There was M'Elhenny
 From Letterkenny,
 Who could aither lead or could *drive* the van ;
 An' M'Quade from Milford,
 That town that's pilfered
 Av it's oul' name Ballynagallaglach|| so sweet ;
 An' M'Swine, who dwelt in
 Far famed Ramelton,
 His aiqual, troth, none wid lake to meet.

* A miserly old churl. † Befooled, *i.e.* they were ‘under the influence.’
 ‡ A kiss. § Fair little flask. || *Bel-na-ngalloglach*, the forl of the
 (*heavy*) soldiers.

Well, the road they tuk in
 By Lough-na-puckin,
 Along Mulroy by the Corbie's Rock ;
 While at Cruck-a-Leaghan
 You'd hear the skraighin'
 Av their wild an' furious white bantam cock :
 For a cock they carried,
 So that when they'd harried
 The ghost, 'twid crow loud three times in victoree,
 But the ghost av Fannet
 Did brevly stan' it,
 An' made *omadhauns** of the valiant three.
 By Knockallow† right through Kerrykeel‡
 They marched straight into Fannet.§
 They vowed they'd play the ghost a reel,
 So cleverly they'd plan it ;
 But near Drumfad they heard a squeal
 That quaked their hearts av granite,
 For the ghost was at divarshin in the mansion av
 O'Toole.

O'Toole was stan'in' in the doore,
 Says he, " You're welcome, naybors !
 You'll have a mighty job, I'm shure,
 God help yez in your labours,
 But you'll shurely work a mighty cure
 Wi' bibles, cocks, an' sabres (13),
 An' effect a reformation in the mansion av O'Toole."

Well, av coorse whin they entered they called up the
 goat,

An' it came bouncin' up at their biddin' :
 Then they tuk it upstairs to a corner to show't
 Where the terrible charm was hidden.

* Simpletons. † *Knockalla*, a mountain range skirting the borders of Fannet, rising north-west of Carrowkeel and sinking down to Lough Swilly. It attains an elevation of 1196 feet.

‡ Or Carrowkeel—*Ceathramhadh-cael*. The narrow quarter (of land).
 § *Fanad*, sloping ground.—*Joyce*.

But it's not a word lie,
 Feth! the goat it fought shy,
 An' they nivir could get it go near there ;
 So they drew a roun' ring
 An they challenged the thing
 In a visible shape to appear there.

Then they tried iv'ry charm,
 But they done it no harm,
 For it kicked up the terriblest shindy :
 An' M'Quade on his back
 Flew beyant a peat stack,
 For it pitched him clean out av the windy ;
 An' the two other boys,
 Troth, it played wi' lake toys.
 An', as wan said whin well out av danger,
 "Och, had it been the divil,
 He'd 'ave trated us civil,
 But *thon* spell was to us quite a stranger!"

A sorrowful lot wor the poor O'Tooles
 Whin the Masons wint home with their bones to
 nurse.

"Och!" says Mistress O'Toole, "we're the wonderful
 fools

To be axin' av them to remove the curse!

Let us go to oul' Father O'Flynn's

An' ax pardon for all av our sins.

If he put on the spell he can break it as well,

An' he'll fix us again on our pins."

The moon was jist risin' beyant the hill
 When out went O'Toole by Rosnakille*

In sarch av oul' Father O'Flynn's ;

An' he fleeched an' he prayed as he'd nivir afore,

If his Riv'rance released him he'd thraw him no more,

An' he'd make full amends for his sins.

* *Rosnakille*—The peninsula of the church.—*Joyce*.

Well, Father O'Flynn was a good oul' sowl
 If you spoke to him onyway civil ;
 But if you were cross—to himsel' be't toul'—
 He was thrawn as the very divil.
 So, whin poor O'Toole came, not worth a farden,
 Down on his knees and beggin' his pardon—
 The picture av wratchedest sorrow—
 "Absolvo te,
 Alanna,"* says he,
 "I forgive you for all you have done to me,
 And I'll banish the charm the morrow."

Och! but the charm was busy that night!
 Nivir a rest till the mornin's light
 Brought his Riverance Father O'Flynn.
 O'Toole in the rain went his Riv'rance to meet,
 With *keedug*† on head and with *martyens*‡ on feet,
 Sayin', "*Cead mille failte!*§ come in."

'Twid make your hair stand if I toul' you the way
 How his Riv'rance to banish the charm had to pray.
 The sweat-draps stud out on his forrid lake beads,
 An' each sowl in the house shuk lake win'-shaken reeds.
 Then he tuk out his book, on the charm then he calls,
 An' it answered lake thunder, an' shuk the four walls ;
 Then he read an' he prayed, an' he called it again,
 An' it answered lake some human crettur in pain ;
 Then he called it a third time, and there, to be shure,
 The ghost tremblin' stud in their midst on the flure !

What followed, in troth, I'm unable to tell,
 For the smoke an' the flames, an' the sight an' the
 smell,
 Made them all faint away but oul' Father O'Flynn,
 Who conquered the divil an' made him give in.

* I absolve thee, my child.

† A sort of improvised cape or covering for head and shoulders in rainy weather, generally made of an old sack.

‡ Kind of knitted woollen gaiters worn with or without boots or shoes.

§ A hundred thousand welcomes.

But they all came to life whin they heerd his loud
 groan,
 Whin his Riverance sent him to ragins* unknown.
 For his onearthly yell,
 As the oul' people tell,
 Was heard at Slieve Snaught, (14) feth, in oul' Innis-
 howen,
 An' west through all Fannet by Ballymagoan ;
 It rang from Benalt
 Roun' by Moyle to Lough Salt,
 An' at Muckish you'd hear it, too, barrin' the fault
 Av your small sense av hearin' bein' d'ead as a stone.

 " Now," says Father O'Flynn,
 When he'd ended the din,
 Chased the spell to the lough and there ordered him in,
 " To keep down the baste there's wan thing needed
 still—
 Put a tether-stone up on the face av the hill,
 An' as long as it stan's, by my surplice and gown,
 You'll have peace in Drumfad
 From that troublesome lad,
 An' I'll bless it for raison av keepin' him down,
 An' he'll nivir come near you again, good or bad."

 An' the priest was as good as his word,
 For the sorra a fut the ghost stirred :
 When the big stone was raised
 They could do as they plaised,
 An' go out at night-time unscar'd.

Now, that's the whole story as I've been toul'
 By oul' Widdy Gallagher, rest her sowl !
 An' if onywan here think's I'm tellin' a lie
 An' wid lake to know more av the how or the why,
 Let him go to the spot that St. Columbkille blest,†
 An' the oul' folks are there that can tell him the rest.

* Regions unknown.

† Fannet.

An' there between Swilly and Ballymagoan
 On the hillside he'll see, if his sight isn't bad,
 Stan'in' up lake a sentry, the big Stan'in' Stone (15)
 Keeping watch o'er the divil that haunted Drumfad.



ON G. G.*

A SET of silly rhyming asses
 Once spent "an evening on Parnassus,"
 And 'mongst their number there was one
 Who, wishing sport, had brought a *Gun*,
 Which said *Gun* was a puzzle :
 'Twas neither *needle-gun* nor *Schneider* (snider),†
 Its mouth than blunderbus was wider,
 And yet the people sitting near it
 Seemed not in any way to fear it,
 But crammed it to the muzzle ;
 For no one thought the weapon came
 Intent on taking deadly aim,
 To wound them in the eyes of men
 As sorely as with sword or pen—
 To run *amok* the lot ;
 Till all at once, when finished priming,
 With "pastry," "weak tea," "gas," and "rhyming,"
 Like meteor flash, just while you'd cough,
 This strange *Gun* suddenly *went off*,
 But proved a sorry shot.
 Its barrel, *Reason*, being bent,
 Its bullets missed, were lost or spent,
 So nobody was hurt ;
 And of those present every one
 Was much surprised that *such a gun*
 Gave such a *weak report* !

* Writer of "An evening on Parnassus," a lampoon upon a social meeting of West of Scotland bards held some years ago.

† An allusion to his attack on the chairman, the late Mr James Paul Crawford, author of "The Drunkard's Raggit Wean," whom he burlesqued as "Trousers M'Puff," in allusion to the poet's gentle craft and business.

THE LAMENT OF MILESIUS.

OCH, murther, love is shurely quare !
 Run, some kind crettur, for the priest or
 Doctor, for I'm in despair,
 I'll nivir see another Easter.
 I've naythur heart to ate nor drink ;
 My singin' has now turned till sighin' ;
 At night I nivir slape a wink,
 But toss and drame av Nancy Ryan.

Her hair's as black's a satin hat,
 Her eye's as lively as a kitten's ;
 To paint her beauty (if she sat)
 No artist could in twenty sittin's.
 From Malin Head to Killaloo
 Her like ye'd nivir set an eye on ;
 But, och, *mo vrone*,* that e'er I knew
 That cruel charmer, Nancy Ryan.

'Twas on the banks av Killaloo,
 The goolden grain had cheered the farmer,
 When first she dawned upon my view,
 An' pierced me through cowl'd rayson's armour ;
 An' though I turned away my head,
 The wishes av my heart denyin',
 Right bouldly to myself it said—
 " I'll vote for none but Nancy Ryan."

So, liftin' quite jinteel my cap,
 I toul' my mind, both clane and dacent ;
 For whin there's danger in the gap,
 It's only manly to be facin't.

* *Mo vrone*— my grief (cause of.)

But like a queen av mighty rank
 She toul' me, " Sor, it's useless tryin' ;
 A boy with money in the bank
 Has won the heart av Nancy Ryan !"

" Oh, wirrastrue !* I know the gint,
 It's Mick M'Cafferty, the Leaguer ;
 Troth, if he paid the landlord's rint
 He'd lose that boast—the dirty naygur.
 If he's the tinant av your heart,
 I'll process him and send him flyin' ;
 An', actin' the caretaker's part,
 I'll take the houldin', Nancy Ryan !"

" Now, aisy," says a voice behind,
 I loked—'twas Mick, and mighty quick he
 Gave me what he called " his mind "
 (He keeps it in his fist, does Mickey).
 My arguments wor rather wake—
 He left me speechless, kilt, and dyin',
 I think eviction's a mistake
 Consarnin' him and Nancy Ryan.

Och, murther, love is mighty quare !
 Will some kind crettur bring the priest or
 Doctor, for I'm in despair,
 I'll nivir see another Easter.
 That skyble Mick, from Skibereen,
 Last fair day there the ring was buyin',
 An' soon he'll wed my fair colleen,
Fareer mo leun! † my Nancy Ryan.

* *Mhuire-as-truagh*—literally, Mary, what sorrow ! an exclamation of grief. † *Fareer mo leun*—my bleeding anguish !

A NOCTURNAL LOVE LETTER.

I'M not at all a gallant, this I hope you'll understand,
 And Nature has not gifted me with bright poetic
 fancies ;
 No eulogistic rhapsodies arise at my command,
 When I wish to celebrate in rhyme your eyes' be-
 witching glances ;
 But yet will I attempt to tell in my peculiar vein
 The how they quicken up my heart and effervesce my
 brain.

I'm drowned within their liquid depths, I'm dazzled in
 their light—
 Electric light I should have said—it thrills me so
 completely ;
 To them the stars are milk drops, spilt upon the cloak
 of Night,
 Nor do they, when the sun's asleep, e'er twinkle
 half so sweetly.
 And would you know the reason why I love those
 eyes so well ?
 'Tis by virtue of the secret, and the loving tales they
 tell.

I'm not at all a poet, and of this you're well aware,
 For being bred in town, with Nature I am unac-
 quainted ;
 My portraits of her, therefore, have a smoky, city air,
 And if in words I'd paint a rose, you'd vow it had
 been painted.
 But, Heaven be praised, 'tis of the town I have to
 speak this time,
 So, Nature and the muse, " Good night," I'll struggle
on in rhyme.

When Night's black grenadine is draped upon the
skirts of Day,

And stars, like newly-wakened eyes, in wonderment
are peeping ;

When Nature's nightcap, hight the moon, pops forth,
as if to say,

'Tis time all prosy-minded folks in bed were soundly
sleeping,

I sit and think, and give a drink unto my drouthy
pen,

It gives a hop—it makes a stop—I chase it on again.

Oh! what a blessing is this night that hunts the
laggard day,

And tells me I am nearer to the eve of our next
meeting ;

To lovers, Time with gaoler's step so slowly stalks
away,

'Tis only when the loved one's nigh he noiselessly is
fleeting.

Would he would always fly, to Death the yawning
days I'd give.

'Tis only in thy presence, sweet, and in thy love I live.

Love makes me feel a millionaire—I'm rich in all my
dreams,

Though, in my melancholy moods, my fears attack
me grossly ;

For Poverty my shadow is—the baulker of my
schemes—

And, like wet clothes, uncomfortably clings unto me
closely ;

But Hope still cheers my heart, and so I struggle on
for aye,

For Eldorado may not be another mile away.

Love loseth nought by waiting, if it waiteth not too
long,

And you are young, and I am young, and may see
 fairer weather ;
 Life is a strange romance, and love the first and oldest
 song,
 Who knows but we will run our race in harness
 both together.
 My landlady's abusing me for wasting so much light—
 She swears she will screw off the gas—it's going out—
 good night !



MILESIUS M'GARRITY.

WHEN Milesius M'Garrity crossed the wide say,
 And sailed from the land where his mother and sire
 lay ;
 Fair Oonah cried, " Och, are ye goin' away,
 To leave me alone by meself here entirely ? "
 Then Milesius looked into her soft eyes of blue,
 But her faytures were plain, an' her ringlets were
 carroty ;
 " Och," says she, " ye don't care if my heart broke in
 two."
 " Feth, the divil a hair ! " says Milesius M'Garrity.
 " Shure, it's wastin' my time I've been many a day,
 In stayin' at home here and idly mulvatherin' ;
 Whin over in Scotland I'd win the big pay,
 An' lashin's an' lavin's of money be gatherin' ;
 While here if I stay, though I work the day long,
 My wages would scarce keep a beggar in charity ;
 Oh, my love for the ould country's still very strong,
 But I needn't starve in't," says Milesius M'Garrity.
 So, he came to the banks of the beautiful Clyde,
 With its commerce and labour and ceaseless
 activity ;

And he searched for a job thro' the town far and wide,
 But his tongue soon betrayed the land of his nativity.
 "Och," says he, "if I've e'er the misfortune to go
 To where sinners are sentenced for onregularity,
 May the Oul' Boy do likewise and answer me 'No,'
 And refuse me a place," says Milesius M'Garrity.

But the futball gets rest even, wance in a while,
 So, pitying Milesius in want and onaisiness,
 Dame Fortune, who'd kicked him, bestowed him a
 smile,
 Tho' she couldn't help thinking his failin' was laziness.
 So, now he is earnin' a tarrible pay,
 An' he walks like a gint in the height ov prosperity.
 "Sure I mane to be landlord in Ireland some day,
 An' my tenant meself," says Milesius M'Garrity.



DONEGAL DOGGEREL.

A TENANT there lived at Rathmullen,
 Who battered a land agent's skull in,
 And reduced his own rent
 By a hundred per cent.,
 All former agreements annullin'.

There was an ould wife in Glenlairy
 Sold butter at Fortstewart Ferry ;
 But the sons of the wave
 Said it needed a shave,
 For, in troth, it was wonderful hairy.

There was a young man in Ramelton,
 Whom mischief so very much dwelt in
 He annoyed all the folks
 With his practical jokes,
 Till they gave him a proper good weltin'.

There was a Scotch farmer in Boorach,
 He was so very kind to the poor, augh!*
 He gave every poor sowl
 Who came begging, a bowl
 Of the best cockieleekie or stewrach.

There was an ould boy lived at Breachy ;
 When his buttons came off he'd say, " Hech, hey !
 Without a good wife
 It's a rough road through life,
 Och ! it's weary and dreary and dreachy."

There was an ould wife in Ardrummon,
 She was such a light-hearted ould woman,
 When she tidied her house,
 Or went milking her cows,
 She always was singing or hummin'.

A fiddler played through Letterkenny
 To try if he could raise a penny,
 But he wasted his powers
 For four " mortal " long hours,
 And I'm blest but he didn't get any.

There was a rich bodach in Glenties,
 Who bound his young son as apprentice
 To a limb of the law,
 But the *deeds* that he saw
 Took his brain, so he's *non compos mentis*.

A toper there lived at Rashedag,
 Who was so very fond of the *wee* jug†
 His coat, hat, and sheen
 He'd to sell for poteen,
 An' he went to the Mass with a *keedug*.

* Augh, equivalent to och. † *Celtic* cruiskeen.

THE DONEGAL BALL.

AIR—" *The Widow Malone.*"

DID ye hear ov the Donegal Ball—at all?
By the piper, 'twas what ye might call a ball;
For the serra a wan from Bundoran to Fahan,
Related to bould Donegal at all,
But was there in the National Hall.

Did ye hear ov the girls that were there—so fair?
With the roses and gems in their hair so rare:
Och, they tripped on their toes light as summer wind
blows,
Like fairies that tread on the air, ye'd swear
They would make a young fellow feel quare.

Did ye hear who led off the grand march—so arch?
With her partner, with pride stiff as starch, for sarch
The whole company through, and ye wouldn't find two
Like the couple who led the grand march so arch,
Och, they battered the dale boords and larch.

Did ye hear ov the polkas, an' rigs, an' jigs,
An' waltzes? till, like whirligigs, our wigs
Grew dizzy and light, with the dancin' that night,
Though the music would murder the pigs, for jigs,
But we footed it merry as grigs.

Did ye ax me now who was the belle?—ah, well,
By the piper I scarcely could tell—compel
The artist to choose from the rainbow's bright hues,
But don't ax me, machree, to dispel the spell,
Sure, ye know ivery wan was the belle!

But ov all the fine boys in the hall—at all,
That could shake a loose toe at the ball—at all,
Och, there wasn't an elf looked as well as meself,
Whether tight, light, or strappin', or tall, or small,
I'm the beau of the Donegal ball.

FATHER PAT.

A GROCER there dwelt in
 The town av Ramelton,
 An' nightly he knelt on
 His knees for his needs,
 At the back av his grocery,
 Saying his rosary,
 With sinners a close array
 Countin' their beads.

He was famed for his piety,
 Prayers and sobriety ;
 Dacent propriety
 Dwelt 'neath his hat.
 Never at blissin' dumb,
 Everywan listened him,
 So they all christened him
 " Oul' Father Pat."

His name was M'Ginnes,
 An' if it no sin is,
 I'll tell what was in his
 Well-stocked little shop :
 There wor oatmeal and praties,
 Which excellent mate is,
 Snuff, scallions, and swaties,
 An' brisk ginger-pop.

When the young 'mong the neighbours
 Had finished their labours,
 They'd all flock, by jabers,
 To hear his oul' chat.
 An' whatever their ailin's,
 Their griefs or their failin's,
 They toul' all their dealin's
 To oul' Father Pat.

An' he would advise them,
Award or chastise them,
Or praise them and prize them,
 As suited their case.
With the air av a bishop,
The while he would fish up
Each secret an' wish up
 From out av its place.

But 'neath all his goodness,
If people had shrewdness,
They'd notice a rudeness
 Begotten av self ;
An' though always rigged dacent,
Both spruce an' complacent,
There wasn't two ways in't
 He was made for the shelf.

For though many a maiden
His poor heart had laden
With grief, till with wadin'
 His grey eyes grew dim ;
Yet there wasn't a crettur
But thought she could better
Her luck than to fetter
 Herself down to him.

If he'd stuck by religion,
Instead of besiegin'
The girls av the region,
 He'd been a bit saint ;
But in spite av his prayin',
It goes without sayin',
Oul' Nick found a way in
 To rub off his paint.

For it's useless denyin'
His wheeblin' so sly, an'

His shirkin' truth tryin'
 All quare roun' abouts ;
 For in troth it's no libel
 To say av the skyble
 If he swore on the bible
 I'd still have my doubts.

Well, he lived till he died, sor,
 And then his oul' hide, sor,
 By Swilly's green side, sor,
 Was lowered down flat,
 And—may I be forgiven !—
 I'd sooner be livin'
 Than take chance av heaven
 With oul' Father Pat !



BONNIE KATIE.

THERE leeves a lassie wast the toon,
 A blythesome kimmer, trig and bonnie,
 Wha's gi'en the laddies' hearts a stoun,
 Nor tined her ain if e'er she'd ony.
 Ilk callan' dreids her sparklin' e'e,
 For weel he kens that, sune or late, he
 Maun sair the witchin' wilin's dree
 O' blythesome, winsome, bonnie Katie.

O my cheerie dearie, Katie,
 Laughin', chaffin', daffin' Katie ;
 For wilin' arts she's ace o' hearts—
 The trump in a' the pack is Katie.

They sweer she has nor flaw nor faut,
 Her breist is like a snawy hillock,
 Her e'e's as bricht's a chiel's in maut
Who hasna hained a cheerie gillock.

Her nose is o' the classic cut,
 But jimp as straucht, an' aiblins langer ;
 Her mou'—it's bliss tae pree it!—but
 The deevil wags her tongue in anger.

O my stoorie-woorie Katie,
 Flytin', wytin', fightin' Katie ;
 The auld and young baith dreid her tongue,
 Nane daur dispute wi' bonnie Katie.

Her waist is nae wee waspish pinch,
 But healthy, sonsy Mither Natur's—
 It's sax-an'-twenty, every inch,
 An' ticht an' soun' as ony cratur's.
 Her feet are lichter than the goat's,
 An' wow! they mak' her sae conçaity—
 Whae'er wad look for ferry boats,
 Suid seek the shoon o' bonnie Katie.

O my lightsome, lo'esome Katie,
 Trippin', skippin', dashin' Katie ;
 Sae licht and neat upon her feet,
 Nane can compete wi' bonnie Katie.

Her nieves are red an' stieve as rocks,
 An' firm an' strang the airms that carry ;
 Lord help the man frae wappin' knocks
 If e'er she has the luck tae marry.
 But haud your gab, the lassie's here ;
 She's lookin' unco blythe and gay tae.
 Wha'd thocht it! Fancy, this New Year
 Jock Tamson marries bonnie Katie.

Then here's success to bonnie Katie,
 A hearty gless tae bonnie Katie ;
 Weel may she rule her man, and snool
 The cuif if he disputes wi' Katie.

THE CAT AND THE COOK.

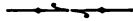
(FROM THE FRENCH OF VIENNET.)

IN a pantry which oft had been ravaged by rats
 A cook, less prudent than believing,
 Had placed on guard against their reiving
 His favourite Mignon, king of cats,
 And paragon 'gainst sin of thieving.
 This post tried hard his sense of right,
 His conscience, by the pasty's flavour,
 Grew troubled, and his appetite
 Was roused, but still he did not waver.
 He licks his paws, he rubs his eyes,
 Withdraws, approaches, rolls, and stretches,
 And by a thousand twists he tries
 To quell the thoughts that in him rise ;
 But ah ! the cook—how long the wretch is !

Even honesty wears out, and laws
 Check not, when hunger long is pleading ;
 He licks the plate, then makes a pause
 With paw upon its edge, unheeding.
 He throws the crust a sidelong look,
 He lifts the lid—his conscience checks him.
 Ah ! many a turning glance he took
 The while his watering mouth did vex him !
 Thus, by his fatal play, his tongue
 Allured, his *teeth* next placed he
 Against the crust (for hunger won),
 Ere cook came back the deed was done,
 And entering with footsteps hasty
 He found the ruins of his pasty.

I've some faith in virtue though 'tis very frail,
 When interest and hunger its stronghold assail
 It has two strong' opponents to fight.

To resist to the end two such foes
 'Twould rarely come scatheless away.
 One needs virtue in case strong as brass to enclose,
 And we mortals are merely of clay.



RIVALS.

HECH me! but love's an unco thing
 To bother common bodies wi',
 Like laurelled bard its stangs I'd sing
 Gin I'd the heid he studies wi'.
 Nae fushionless æsthetic lays
 I'd yaup, but glegly sing in praise
 O' her whase charms wad grace myth-
 Ologic queens o' auld, an' tell
 Hoo captive in Love's chains I dwell
 In fetters forged by *nae smith*.

But fegs, I ha'e a rival, *hoo d'*
 Ye think I'll get inside o' him?
 He'd win the lassie if he could,
 Jist for the fun—the pride o' him!
 An' weel I ken his love's no' great,
 He only lo'es a wee, wee *tait*;
 For me, it scarce needs sayin',
 Love thrangs my heid as brisk's a byke,
 An' dirls upon my heart-strings like
 Aul' Liszt piano playin'.

But sune we'll end oor graun dispute,
 An' if it comes to blows, pit all
 Your maiks on me, for dinna doubt
 I'll send the chiel to Hospital.
 He's sic a *heavy* swell he thinks,
 An' *cottons* to my queen wi' winks,
 But I'll ha'e nae *hood-winkin'*;
 For fegs, I'm fairly in the *sulks*,
 I'll mak' my *muscles* hard as *whelks*,
 An' sen' him hameward slinkin'.

THE WEARIN' OF THE BLUE.

AIR—"The Wearin' of the Green."

BY A T. T.*

HURRAH! Johnny dear, the price of beer
Will soon be coming down ;

Soon not a drop a whisky shop
Will sell in all the town.

To pint and glass each lad and lass
Has bade a long adieu,
For they're joining men and women
In the wearing of the Blue.

I met an ancient tippler,
And I took him by the hand ;
I pressed him for a "half one,"
For I fancied he would "stand."
But says he, "My dearest William,
That's a thing I never do ;
For I've joined the Ribbon Army
In the wearing of the Blue."

I thought it very mean of him
To treat a fellow so,
So we parted rather *dryly*
When I found it was "no go."
The "blues" I've often taken,
And delirium "trimmings," too ;
But I never will be guilty
Of the wearing of the Blue.

When the law can stop John Barleycorn
From growing as he grows,
When distilleries are banished
And the public-houses close,
When there's not a drop to buy or steal,
To drink I'll bid adieu ;
But till that day I'll answer "nay"
To the wearing of the Blue.

* "Toby Tossput."

SALVATION, IS'T?

ATR—*"She wore a wreath of roses."*

HE wore a shabby necktie
 Around his greasy throat,
 His pants were frayed and seedy-like,
 And threadbare was his coat ;
 His eyes were bleared and heavy,
 And he smoked his humble clay
 With the air of some poor martyr,
 Or a dog who'd had his day !
 I saw him but a moment,
 And he begged of me some tin ;
 Then he called for some hot water,
 And a glass of Hollands gin.

Next, at the Police Station,
 He was brought before the Bar—
 His eyes were in deep mourning,
 And his brow displayed a scar ;
 And a magistrate in goggles
 Frowns, and, taking snuff, he says,
 "You are fined in ten-and-sixpence,
 Or,—the usual fourteen days."
 I saw it in a moment,
 For I knew his ancient sin ;
 And I guessed he had been drinking
 When the peelers ran him in.

'Twas at the Army meeting
 When next he met my view ;
 He told his chequered story,
 And the way he'd been brought to ;
 For he'd lately been converted,
 And he felt supremely blest,
 And he sported the Salvation
 And blue ribbons on his breast !

I saw them but a moment
 When I hailed him with a grin—
 “ I'll thank you for the threepence
 That I lent you for the gin !”



*HER ANSWER.**

Go away home to your bed,
 Steady your feet ;
 Mind you don't go on your head
 Toppling down in the street.
 Go away home to your bed.

Was it the cold in the air
 Forced you to break
 The promise you gave at the fair,
 All for your poor sweetheart's sake ?
 Was it the cold in the air ?

How did you get those black eyes ?
 Was't through the love
 Of fighting that so in you lies,
 When you are as tight as a glove ?
 How did you get those black eyes ?

Have you no shame in your face ?
 Drunk as a lord !
 Coming to me, you disgrace,
 Breaking your pledge and your word !
 Have you no shame in your face ?

Nay, does it matter at all
 How you got tight ?

* I take the liberty of reprinting the original from the MS. of a friend.
 I understand it appeared in a London periodical some years ago.

Pains in the morning recall
 Pleasures and wine overnight !
 Nay, does it matter at all ?

Go away home to your bed !
 Steady your feet—
 Roll a wet cloth round your head,
 And (when night's shadows have fled)
 Take a drop "neat."
 Go away home to your bed !

 HER ANSWER.

"LOVE me a little," I said
 Low at her feet,
 Round us the roses were red,
 Ah ! and the lilies were sweet,
 "Love me a little." I said.

Was it the gold of her hair,
 Coiled like a snake,
 Tangled my heart in a snare
 Nothing could loosen or break—
 Was it the gold of her hair ?

Was it the light in her eyes
 Filled me with love ?
 Ah, they were blue as the skies
 Radiant and shining above—
 Was it the light in her eyes ?

Was it her form on her face,
 Fair like a flower,
 Maddened me there for the space
 Just of one passionate hour—
 Was it her form on her face ?

Nay, does it matter at all,
 True love, once given,
 Nothing can ever recall
 Either on earth or in heaven ;
 Nay, does it matter at all ?

Round us the roses were red,
 Lilies were sweet,
 Ah ! did they know what she said,
 Breaking my heart at her feet ?
 Round us the roses were red.

TO ALFRED (LAWN) TENNISON.*

ARGUMENT.—The poet congratulateth Alfred on his attack on Jacques, but revealeth to him his true position and the futility of his suit for the much-coveted hand (and heart) of Miss Mary Cross.

HAIL, Alfred! hight Lawn Tennison,
 I clap thee on the back;
 Accept a lover's benison
 For thus repulsing Jacques.
 For lo! the youth you've hunted off,
 And now when he has shunted off,
 I'll join you in a crack.

But, namesake of the laureate,
 I've doleful news to tell—
 She has of beaux, I'm sorry, eight
 And twenty more as well.
 They come to serenade at night
 Until the bobby's aid at night
 Will oft their raptures quell.

They're handsome all as *Acis*, and
 As wise as *Solon*, too;
 They deftly seek the lass's hand,
 And know the way to woo.
 And not to speak too praisingly
 They write songs most amazingly
 Delightful—quite too-too!

Their fathers all are Cræsus,
 And each has such a chance,
 He who the *right one* "places" is
 As sharp as any lance.
 So Alf., there's no denying it,
 To woo there's no good trying it,
 You aren't in the dance.

* *Nom de plume* of a writer with whom I was unacquainted, who, in public rivalry to another strange Knight errant, "Jacques," wrote a *crushing reply* to the latter's amatory lines to a certain talented authoress to whom we owe an apology for the introduction of her name.

Her tastes are too æsthetic, and
 'Twould kill her with surprise,
 If offspring so poetic and
 Refined should "bake mud pies."*
 And so your picture then is on
 The wrong *line*, Mr Tennison,
 To take my lady's eyes.

And really I would sigh it should
 Be ever her sad lot
 To lead a life of quietude,
 Obscure in *your* wee cot,
 She's town-bred, sir, and it is in
 The city by a citizen
 Her loving heart is caught.

And sure as I'm a denizen
 Of Glasgow, staunch and true,
 She doesn't like *Lawn Tennis on*
A soft green flat like you.
 So if she be a loss to you,
 There's Disappointment's *cross* to you,
 The only *cross* you're due.

YE POSTESCRYPTE.

P.S.—Before I'm leaving you,
 Accept my kind regards,
 There's no good in deceiving you,
 Most amorous of bards.
 So, pray, don't be so *very* cross
 If in the press "To Mary Cross"
 My name's announced.—"No cards."

* Part-picture of Alfred's prospective matrimonial felicity—
 "Little embryonic poets,
 Mister Jacques,
 Who bake pies in the gutter,
 And make an awful splutter,
 And howl for bread and butter.
 Mister Jacques."

AN EXPOSTULATION.

(ADDRESSED TO THE EAST WIND IN MAY.)

OH, Euros, you duffer, ye've aft made me suffer ;
If my skin wasna tougher than buffalo hides
Tae withstaun' the attacks on't that your cauld braith
mak's on't,
I'm shair I'd ha'e hacks on't, and chilblains besides.

My claes scarce lend aid in my attempts at evadin'
Yer braith sae invadin', ye cauldriife auld loon ;
My skin's tae the view like ripe cherries sae blue like,
In colour and hue like that dried fruit the prune.

When the ruddy sun's risin' in yon east horizon,
I fix baith my eyes on his warm lowein' face ;
And then, Maister Euros, I think it gey cur'ous,
That the het sun and you rose baith frae the same
place.

It sets me repinin' tae see the sun shinin',
Sae brichtly and fine, in this cauld day o' May.
For I ken ye disarm its bricht rays sae warm,
And its heart-cheerin' charm ye freeze on its way.

If wi' Februar's snawin', or March's hail fa'in',
Yer braith ye'd been blawin', 'twad been a' richt
then ;
But tae think, ye auld limmer, you come when the
simmer,
Like a bashfu' young kimmer, staps modestly ben !

You and young May thegither, don't suit ane anither,
Gang bide wi' her mither, auld April, at hame,
For ilk poet supposes that nocht *blaws* but roses,
And they ne'er dream oor noses bloom redder than
them.

THE CONTRAST.

TOM struts an extra inch of limb,
 And Dick an extra ounce of brains
 O'er him may boast, yet Dick to him
 Gives place, and where the gains?

The two were fellows, shopmates warm,
 And wrought as equals side by side,
 They chose Tom for his taller form,
 His gait and conscious pride.

His easy confidence in place,
 His lesser sense of others' wrong,
 His squarer jaw and sterner face—
 The animal was strong.

A will to push himself in front,
 And trample weaker brothers down,
 A heart to dare the battle's brunt
 For fortune's golden crown.

And Dick, who once had taught him much,
 His councillor in bygone days,
 Was diffident and meek, and such
 Must stand from others' ways.

It may be well he knew his worth,
 But failed to show his talents there,
 Not buried them beneath the earth
 But used in more congenial air.

And shrinking from the struggling crowd
 Dick saw his friend launch far ahead,
 Next 'neath his iron rule he bowed,
 Yet envied not, but said—

“Be as it may, I wish him well,
 True friendship Fortune alters not,
 What *is* is best, what could dispel
 My cares were his my lot?”

THE POETS MISSION.

I HAVE failed in the poet's mission,
 I have failed and confess my sin,
 For the poet's song is an idle theme
 If he teach not his kind therein.

I have sung to the ear of Pleasure
 Full many a mirthful strain,
 Yet I fain would hope I have chased the gloom
 From the furrowed brow of Pain.

But in many an idle measure
 My fingers upon the strings
 Have dallied, nor striven with earnest aim
 After grander and nobler things.

With a soul like a fire-filled heaven
 Have I spoken denouncing Wrong,
 Yet ne'er gleamed the lightning shafts of wrath
 As the thunder-bolts of song.

At Monopoly's harsh oppression,
 Fraud, Force, and Greed's tyranny,
 I've burned, but no song rang in tyrant's ears
 At the widow's and orphan's cry.

To bridge over friends' estrangements,
 To cause jealous strife to cease
 Have I longed, but my song but seldom sang
 The beauty of perfect peace.

I have worshipped Earth's varied beauty—
 Been thrilled with the songs of birds,
 But the melodies raised within my soul
 But echo faint sound in words.

Have I failed in the poet's mission?
 Oh, God, that it were not so!
 But some seedling truths in a sterile heart
Might into rich harvest grow!

TO CHARLES A. MITCHELL.

Read on the eve of his departure for America, 14th Sept., 1887.

THE hour is come when we must part though constant
friends and true,

Then let us once more grasp your hand before we bid
adieu ;

You leave us for a wider field—a better may it be—
With dauntless energy to woo Dame Fortune o'er the
sea.

With courage high and hopeful heart, you leave us
here to find

In that New World across the sea, new friends as true
and kind,

But when your pleasures brightest gleam, as when
your days seem drear,

Unbidden memories shall arise of friends you cherished
here.

Your thoughts at sound of Scottish voice will fly
across the foam

To heather hills and granite streets—the land your
heart calls home ;

The music of a mother's voice, the sallies of a friend
Will fill your ear and to the past a brighter halo lend.
And for the loving friends you leave your heart may
swell with pride,

They'll miss you in the Kirk and choir, they'll miss
you on the Clyde ;

The friends at home, the girl you love will miss you
many a day,

And I will miss your cheery voice and manly form as
they.

I watched you as your rugged Youth to ripening
Manhood grew ;

From strength to deeper strength your mind, with im-
pulse warm and true ;

And in your frank and fearless eye I read an honest
 heart,
 That, scorning subterfuge and sham, would nobly act
 its part.
 I saw "the diamond in the rough" and rude though't
 seemed to be
 Blind prejudice and vain conceit ne'er harbour found
 in thee.
 But sterling worth and honest truth that feared not to
 offend
 Made me to prize your manly ways and proud to call
 you friend!
 Oh! may the river of your life in growing greatness roll
 And reach, encircling in its flood, Ambition's proudest
 goal!
 May never pleasures vain deceive, nor Folly's fitful
 gleams,
 But bright Success attend your steps and crown your
 heart's fond dreams.
 These are the wishes of your friends, they echo through
 each heart
 Assembled here to wish "God speed, and luck" before
 we part,
 God bless you, Charlie, here's my hand!—Success
 across the main!
 And if your lot be as *we* wish you never shall complain.



A PARTING WISH.

JOY be with thee where'er thou rovest,
 Calm content be thy happy lot,
 May thy heart, for the one thou lovest,
 Utter no sigh but with pleasure fraught.
 Round thy pathway may angels hover,
 Rightly guiding thy steps alway,
 And guarding thus, till, life's journey over,
 Yield they their charge at the Gates of Day.

NOTES.

(1.)—"Cahir Roe."

Sir Cahir Roe O'Dougherty,* Prince or Lord of Innishowen, is, perhaps, one of the most picturesque figures in Irish history. 'His life was short but eventful, "a happy shot," to quote an English historian, putting an end to his career at the early age of 21 years. In character he was like most of the Irish chiefs—haughty and impulsive; and to a commanding bearing Nature had added lofty stature and manly physique. In May, 1608, unable to bear the tyranny and insult of Sir George Paulett, the Governor of Derry, who threatened him with a felon's death, and enraged with the encroachments of the Scotch and English settlers (who came over before the Confiscation was completed), Sir Cahir rose in insurrection, attacked Derry by night, slew Paulett and his lieutenant with most of the garrison, and destroyed the forts and settlement or town.† He then marched against *Cuil-mor* (Culmore), a fortress on the banks of the Foyle about four and a-half miles from Derry, occupied by an English garrison (but previously a fort of the O'Doughertys), occupied it, and found therein

* Received his knighthood from the English, having been proclaimed Lord of Innishowen by Sir Henry Dockwra in 1601, shortly after the death of his father, Sir John, who was slain in war with the English. Sir John, having left only an infant son (Cahir), O'Donnell created the nearest relative, Felim O'Dougherty, Prince of Innishowen. But the clans Ailen and Daibed marched with the young heir to Dockwra, at Derry, and that general, through his animosity to O'Donnell, and glad of an opportunity of creating dissensions amongst his enemies, declared Cahir the lawful lord. The clans, having marched back with their boy-chief in triumph, were besieged by O'Donnell in a fort at Binnion, but he, having too much on his hands, was obliged to raise the siege, and Sir Cahir, after the flight of the Earls Tyrone and Tirconnell, became the most powerful chief in the North.

† In 1600 Sir Henry Dockwra, with 5000 foot and 300 horse, took possession of Derry, raised an English military settlement, with fortified houses, and defended it with two forts. The present maiden city was erected by the London Corporation, A.D. 1609-19. The circumference of the city walls (completed in 1614) is 1308 yards, height 24 feet, breadth 6 feet, with an earthen rampart 12 feet in thickness.

twelve pieces of cannon. He gave the charge of Cuil-mor to one Felim M'Davet, who had to evacuate it before an English army of 4,000 men under Marshall Wingfield and Sir Oliver Lambert. M'Davet, on retiring from Cuil-mor, set fire to the fortress, shipped some of the guns, throwing the rest into the sea, and sailed for Derry. O'Dougherty, whose forces never exceeded 1,500 men, maintained the war for five or six months, until a bullet from an ambushed trooper's matchlock relieved England's anxiety.

(2.)—“*Thrice blessèd is thy well.*”

A well at Doune, blessed by Columbkille, celebrated for its wonderful cures; hither good pilgrims from all parts of the county and from various quarters of the globe repair for share in its many virtues. The writer, several years ago, was both struck and amused with the number of crutches planted upright in the ground in the vicinity of the well, mute witnesses of its efficacy. It is but fair to say, the Catholic clergy as a body do not recognise it.

(3.)—“*The Irish chiefs had flown.*”

1607. “Artful Cecil employed one St. Laurence to entrap the Earls of Tyrone and Tirconnell, the Lord of Delvin and other Irish chiefs, into a sham plot which had no other evidence but his. But those chiefs, being informed that witnesses were to be hired against them, foolishly fled, and so, taking guilt upon themselves, they were declared rebels; and six entire counties in Ulster were at once forfeited to the Crown, which was what their enemies wanted.”—*Anderson's Royal Genealogies* (p. 786.) See *M'Geoghegan*.

(4.)—“*Brooding o'er his captured wife.*”

(Mary Preston, daughter of Viscount Gormanston.)

“Winkel (Wingfield), finding the castle of Culmor demolished, marched against the castle of Beart with the intention of besieging it. Mary Preston, the wife of O'Dougherty, was in the place. A monk who had the command of it, either from distrust in its strength or to save the lady *from the frightful effects of a siege, surrendered the castle*

on condition of the garrison being spared and suffered to retire ; but the English, regardless of the treaty, put every soul to the sword, except those who had means of purchasing their liberty. The wife of O'Dougherty was sent to her brother the viscount (Gormanston), who belonged to the English faction."—*M'Geo.*, p. 555.

(5.)—*Lough Columbkille.*

A secluded little lake, embosomed in the hollow of the hills near the Lagg and above Glenkeen ; it is shut out from the outer world by the surrounding hill tops, presenting a scene of calm solitude ; but with the exception of St. Columb's Stone, and a wonderful shadow said to be visible on the surface of the water, there is nothing to interest the tourist. The lough is about one mile distant from Milford, and two from Ramelton.

(6.)—*Leprechauns.*

Fairy tailors and shoemakers generally found plying their trade. If you catch one, and do not allow him out of your sight, you can compel him to tell you where a golden store is hidden before he gains his liberty ; but if you lift your eye from him an instant, he vanishes. *Moral*: Keep your eye on leprechauns.

(7.)—*"A Tinker."*

"Tinker," popular name for a bad bronze or copper coin. The origin of the name is amusing. In the eighteenth century, Ireland ran short of copper money, and King George ordered a coiner, named Wood, to coin £180,000 in copper. To fulfil his contract, the latter bought £6,000 worth of old brass, from which he coined the £180,000 of money. The Irish, however, were for once united, and refused the bad money so strenuously that King George was compelled to order the English coiner to take back his "tinkers."

(8.)—*"The bones av some Chief."*

The Druidical custom of cremation was practised by the ancient Irish ; cremation urns have been found in various parts of the country.

(9.)—“*On went the Phooka.*”

“The Phooka is of the malignant class of fairy beings, and he is as wild and capricious in his character as he is changeable in form. When he assumes the form of a horse, his object is to obtain a rider, and then he is in his most malignant glory. Headlong he dashes through briar and brake, through flood and fell. . . . Up and down precipice is alike to him, provided he gratifies the malevolence that seems to inspire him—gratified by the distress, and utterly reckless and ruthless of the cries and danger and suffering of the luckless wight that bestrides him.”—*D. F. MacCarthy—Croker’s Fairy Legends—Hall’s Ireland.*

(10.)—“*To where the Atlantic comes dashin’ in frantic.*”

M’Swine’s Gun or *Doe Hole* is on the northern coast of Donegal, near Hornhead. It is a perforation in the rock caused by the action of the Atlantic, through which the sea is forced during or immediately after a storm from the north-west, formerly to a height of 200 or 300 feet, with so great a noise as to be heard ten miles away; but of recent years, owing to the increased width of the orifice, the violence of this storm-fountain is not so remarkable.

(11.)—“*Kilmacrenan.*”

Cill-mac-n Enain (the church of the sons of Enain, who were contemporaries and relatives of St. Columb), a post-town about five miles from Ramelton and six from Letterkenny (*Anglice*—O’Cannanan’s hillslope, named after the O’Cannanan’s (now shortened to Cannon), anciently chiefs of Tirconnell, until they were finally conquered by the O’Donnells). St. Columb founded a monastery here, and O’Donnell subsequently founded another,* which at the confiscation was handed over to the college at Dublin.

* Kilmacrenan F.C.—Ordini minorum ibi extractum est conobolium ab O’Donnello eidemque ordini constructi sunt etiam Conventus de Bellaghan et Bally-mac-swine juxta Doe Castrum; è quibus postremus MacSwineum fundatorum agnoscit.—Sir J. Ware’s *Antiquitates Hibernicæ*. (Catholic Faith in Kilmacrenan.—There a monastery was built for the Minorite Orders (Franciscans), and for the same Order the two convents were erected of Bellaghan and Bally-mac-Swine near Doe Castle. The last of these acknowledges MacSwine for its founder.)

(12)—“*Throughout all Innishowen, Fannet, Tearman, the Rosses, and Glencolumbkille.*”

Districts in Donegal.—*Enis Eoghain* (the island of Owen, son of Niall the great, and brother of Conal Gulban) is the peninsula between Loughs Foyle and Swilly; it was formerly the principality of the O'Dougherty's. Ruins of O'Dougherty's castles may be seen at Greencastle, Culmore, Buncrana, Burt, Aileach, and Inch; his principal residences were at Buncrana and Aileach. *Fanad*, the northern part of the peninsula, between Lough Swilly and Mulroy Bay: formerly the territory of the M'Swines (M'Sweenys). *Tearmann*—(spelt by English writers, “Termon,” meaning Abbey lands)—is a district near Kilmacrenan, formerly attached to the Abbey, founded there by St. Columbkille. On the confiscation of Ulster, these Termons or Abbey lands throughout Donegal, to the extent of 9,224 acres of the most highly cultivated lands in the county, were handed over to the College of Dublin. *The Rosses*—*i.e.*, the peninsulas—a wild and picturesque part of North-West Donegal. *Glencolumbkille*, a parish, and somewhat remarkable valley, in the west of the Barony of Banagh.

(13.)—“*Wi' bibles, cocks, an' sabres.*”

The incongruous combination, popularly supposed to be used in the mystic spells of the Brotherhood.

(14.)—*It rang from BENALT,
Roun' by MOYLE to LOUGH SALT,
An' at MUCKISH you'd hear it, too.*”


Mountains in Donegal.—*Sliabh Sneacht*, the snowy mountain, near Buncrana, Innishowen, towers to a height of 2,019 feet above sea-level; another mountain of the same name is situated between Dooish and Errigal, and attains an elevation of 2,240 feet. *Beann-alt* (the steep hill-top) crowns the Island of Inch in Lough Swilly. The writer has sunny recollections of a tour to its summit, an elevation of 737 feet, which commands an enchanting view of Lough Swilly—here a veritable Killarney of beauty. The little coast-towns of Buncrana and Rathmullen seem to lie at the

tourist's feet, while to the south-west, on the banks of the pearl-yielding Lennon, Ramelton gleams out whitely in the sun, and the western hills, with Lough Salt and dusk-browed Muckish, form a stately background. Eastwards, glimpses of the Foyle may be caught shining like a silver thread between the mountains, of which the temple crowned Grèinan (802 feet) and the Fahan mountains (the highest of which, the Scalp, is 1,589 feet above the level of the sea) are the most important. To the north, and almost behind Buncrana, rises the stately Slieve Snaught, and turning slightly north-west with the course of the lough, Swilly seems to have no outlet, but is apparently surrounded by the Fannet and Innishowen Hills, which seem here to unite to each other. On looking over the ever-changing bosom of "the lake of shadows" (*Loc Suilig*) to the coast-guard station of Rathmullen (*Rath Maelin*, Maelin's fort), the student will recall to memory the abduction of young Hugh Roe O'Donnell, the son of Magnus O'Donnell, Prince of Tircconnell, by the English in 1587. Young Hugh, then a lad of 13 summers, was at that time a guest of M'Sweeney of Fanad, and having been decoyed on board a vessel sent by the English Deputy for that purpose, he was taken to Dublin Castle, and there confined until he effected his escape, with some other Irish nobles, in 1594. This amusing piece of treachery is characterised by MacGeoghegan as "worthy of a pirate or robber, and destitute of all honour and good faith." Here also the ruins of a monastery, erected by MacSweeney of Fanad, for the Brethren of the Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel, form a fit testimonial to English Christianity and civilization. In 1595 young George Bingham, a relative of the English Governor of Connaught, in the absence of MacSweeney and O'Donnell, sailed into Lough Swilly with two vessels, landed at Rathmullen, plundered and destroyed the monastery, and carried away the vestments, plate, &c. Nor is Inch Island without its history. The castle on the Island is said to be built by O'Dougherty in the 15th century, for the purpose of confining O'Donnell, one of the rival chieftains of Tircconnell, but the latter bribing the gaoler, obtained his liberty, and secured the castle. Here he was besieged by the rival chieftain Rory, whom he killed with a large stone, which he flung from the

parapet. Here also, in 1689, General Kirk, with a fleet from England, with succours for the distressed defenders of Derry, unable to pass King James's lines at Culmore, put back into Lough Swilly, and encamped on Inch from 13th July to 28th, when he again entered Lough Foyle and relieved the famished garrison. *Moyle* is, perhaps, the least important of the hills mentioned, but commands a good prospect. It rises on the eastern side of Lough Fern, a fresh-water lake, a mile and a-half long, and three-quarters of a mile broad, equi-distant between Ramelton and Kilmacrenan. *Lough Salt* mountain, near Kilmacrenan, attains an elevation of 1,541 feet, and derives its name from the lough which is on the side of it, at an altitude of 815 feet above the sea-level; the depth of this lough is 204 feet. Silicious sand of a very superior quality is abundant at Lough Salt, and considerable quantities are (or were at recent date) exported for the manufacture of glass. *Muckish* (the pig's back) rises in a dark, heavy mass, frowning over Falcarragh. It is one of the highest mountains in Donegal, being 2,190 feet above the level of the sea.

(15.)—“*The big Stan'in' Stone.*”

The Standing Stone, or Pillar Stone of Drumfad, is known by some people as “the tether-stone of the ghost,” and they aver its position as necessary for keeping down the spell. It is, however, of much more remote date than the origin of the legend. The stone is of basalt, and is placed in an upright position on the face of the hill; in height it is between 6 feet and 7 feet, in breadth about 4 feet. Scientists suppose it to be formed by the lava of a volcano on Knockallow (*Cnoc-ala*, pronounced Knockollaw; *Anglice*, Swan Hill), evidence of which still exists; the crater is now converted into a little lough. Pillar stones are common in Ireland, and are supposed to have been used by the Druids with *cromleachs*, and some times as objects of worship; they were also used to mark the spot of a battle, or burial-place of a chief, and served at times to mark a boundary line.





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